



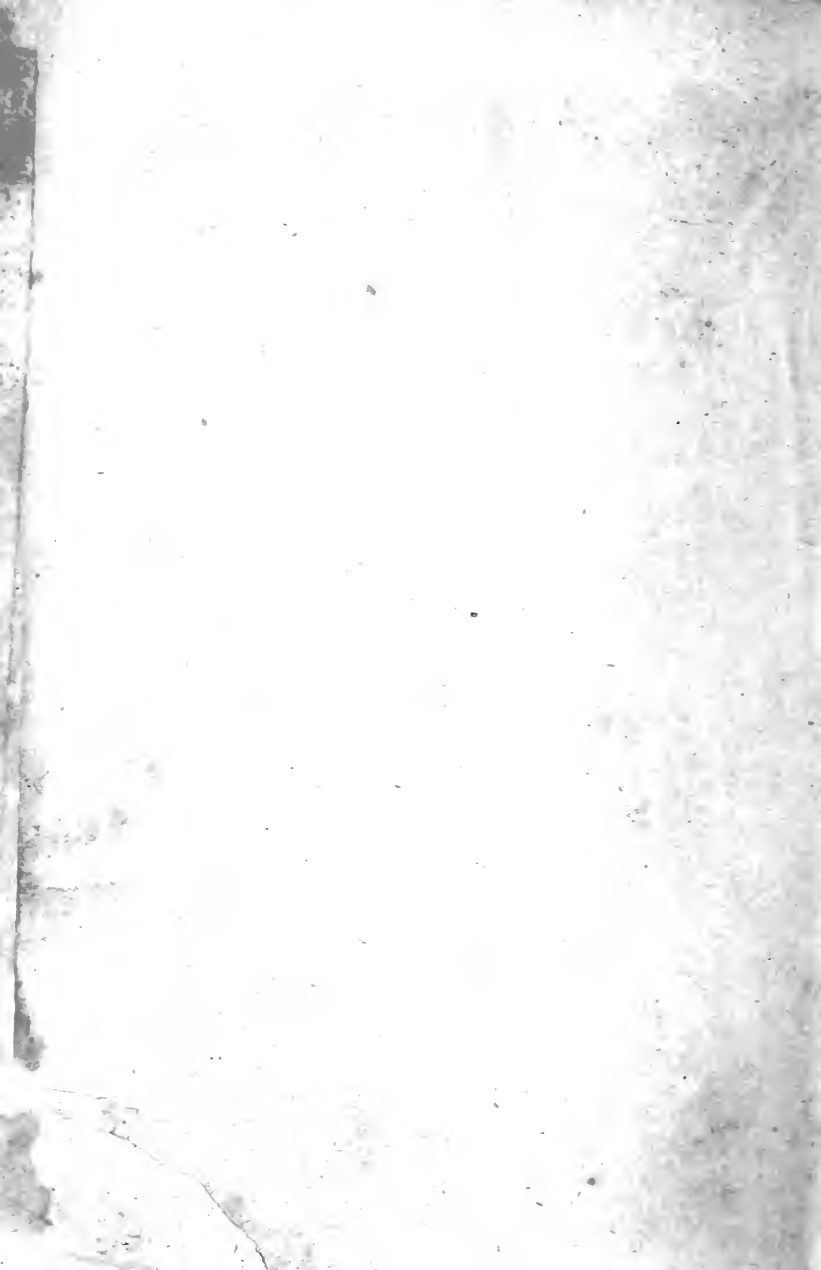
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Harmonized Edition

OF THE

200

SACRED MELODIES.

EDITED BY

REV. C. H. BATEMAN AND ROBERT INGLIS.

HARMONIZED BY

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London:

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is with peculiar feelings of gratitude to God for the great success that has attended previous issues of this work, that this larger and more complete Edition is sent forth. Since the first issue, now some twenty-seven years ago, five Editions have been called for, each larger than its predecessor, and an aggregate sale attained of some Millions of copies. The work, too, in its various forms has found its way all over the world, and is used in almost every place where the English tongue is spoken. Such results were never anticipated for it, when it came forth in a most unpretending form, and call for devout thanks to Him who has been pleased to bless it.

The present Work contains many new pieces, and several of the Hymns have been written expressly for this Edition, as also several of the Tunes.

Every effort has been made to avoid entrenching on copyrights, and permission has been asked, in all cases where the ownership could be found, for the use of their compositions. Our best thanks are due for the kind and ready manner in which this has been granted in every case; and should it be that, from any cause, a tune or hymn has got in without this leave, we must crave the kind indulgence of the authors.

The work of Editorship has been divided between Mr. Inglis and myself, and we have spared no labour or thought in order to gather together whatever we believed would add value or interest to the book. Probably by there having been two Editors, of different tastes, the work will be found to meet a larger range of thought and feeling, and become more generally useful, than if drawn up and finished by one hand.

To us it has been a great joy to contribute through so many years to the musical edification and enjoyment of our young people. Our songs have cheered many a young Christian on his heavenward way; soothed many a troubled heart; and, in some instances, have been the last song sung on earth to comfort and animate in the dying hour. May we not hope that this New Work may do the same, and so prepare young hearts below for songs above. There, we earnestly pray, that we, and all who use this little book, may join in one grand song of pure and everlasting praise.

We beg still to subscribe ourselves the Children's loving friends and faithful servants for Jesus' sake.

C. H. BATEMAN, LONDON.

ROBERT INGLIS, EDINBURGH.

March, 1872.

* * With one or two exceptions, this work has been entirely harmonized by
Dr. Henry T. Leslie, of Bristol.

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EDITIONS

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NO. 1. ALL GLORY PRAISE AND HONOUR.

All glo - ry praise and hon - our, To thee Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. *Fine.*

Thou art the king of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The king and bless - ed one. *D.C.*

1. All glory, praise, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the king of Israel,
Thou David's royal son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The king and blessed one. *All, &c.*
2. The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.

- The children of Jerusalem
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present. *All, &c.*
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They sang their hymns of praise,
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King. *All, &c.*

NO. 2. A BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from
 sor-row free, The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And beau-ti-ful an gels
 too are there. Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

1. A beautiful land by faith I see,
 A land of rest, from sorrow free,
 The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair,
 And beautiful angels too, are there.
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land?
2. That beautiful land, the city of light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 The glory of God, the light of day
 Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will, &c.
3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Will, &c.
4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light;
 And in one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
Will, &c.

NO. 3. ABIDE WITH ME.

By Permission from
"Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide; When o-ther help-ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh a-bide with me.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. Abide with me when night has passed away;
Give Thou thy presence through the opening day;
Without thy help, though clouds and darkness flee,
I can do nothing; Lord, abide with me.
4. I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
5. If dark temptations gather round my way,
Be thou my guide, let not my footsteps stray
From off the path marked out in love by thee:
Jesus, my all in all, abide with me.
6. Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

NO. 4. AROUND THE THRONE.

A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thou-sand chil-dren stand,

Whose sins are all through Christ for-giv'n, A ho - ly hap-py band.

Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo-ry, glo - ry.

1. AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,
Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory.
2. What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came these children there?
Singing glory, glory, glory.
3. Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Singing glory, glory, glory.
4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, glory, glory.

NO. 5. AWAKE MY SOUL.

Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, To sing the great Re-

deem - er's praise; He justly claims a song from thee; His lov-ing kind-ness,

His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free! His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
O how free!

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft for-gotten,
His loving-kindness changes not.

4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fall;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

NO. 6. ART THOU WEARY.

By Permission from
Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest!

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest!"

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."
3. Hath he diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4. If I find him, if I follow,
What reward is here?
"Many a labour, many a sorrow,
Many a tear."
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What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."
6. If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

NO. 7. BEHOLD ONE STANDING AT THE DOOR.

Be - hold One stand - ing at the door, And

With gen - tle voice,

hear him plead - ing e - ver - more, With gen - tle voice,

NO. 7—Continued.

O heart of sin, To en - ter in, To en - ter in 'Tis

Je - sus stand - ing at the door, O hear him plead - ing e - ver - more,

Come, wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "En - ter in! Lord, en - ter in!"

1. Behold One standing at the door,
And hear him pleading evermore,
With gentle voice, O heart of sin,
To enter in!
'Tis Jesus standing at the door,
O hear him pleading evermore,
Come, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
Say, "Enter in! Lord, enter in!"
2. He bore the cruel thorns for thee,
Has waited long and patiently,
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
Say, "Enter in!"
'Tis Jesus standing at the door, &c.
3. He should not plead with thee in vain,
For thee he bore the cross and pain,
He died to ransom thee from sin,
Oh, let him in!
'Tis Jesus standing at the door, &c.
4. He brings thee joy from heaven above,
He brings thee pardon, peace, and love,
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
"Now, enter in!"
'Tis Jesus standing at the door, &c.

NO. 8. BEYOND LIFE'S RAGING FEVER.

Be - yond life's rag - ing fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream, Be -

yond death's surging ri - ver, Be - yond that sul - len stream The saints shall dwell in glo - ry,

In beau - ty fad - ing not; O pil - grim art thou pressing To this thy glo - rious lot?

1. Beyond life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream,
The saints shall dwell in glory,
In beauty fading not;
O pilgrim, art thou pressing
To this thy glorious lot?

2. Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed;

Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mould'ring dead.—*The, &c.*

3. Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the darkening shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale.—*The, &c.*

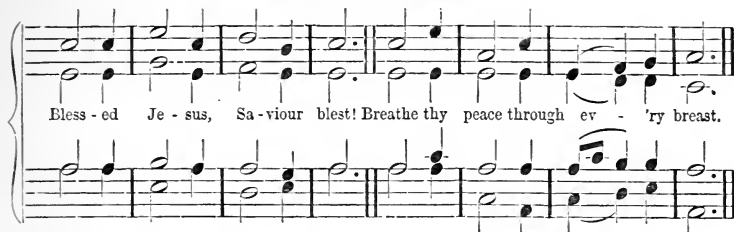
4. Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod,
The saints shall dwell in glory—
The saints shall dwell with God.—*The, &c.*

NO. 9. BLESSED JESUS.

Words by
C. H. BATEMAN.

Bless - ed Je - sus, ere we part, Speak thy bless - ing to each heart.

NO. 9 — Continued.



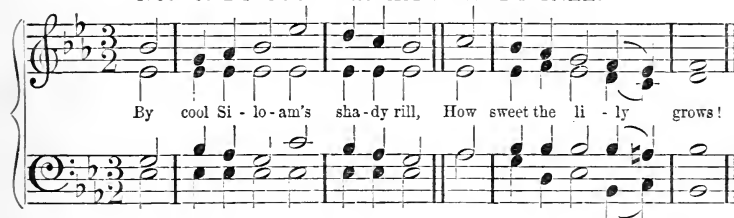
1. Blessed Jesus, ere we part,
Speak thy blessing to each heart.
Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest!
Breathe thy peace through every breast.

2. When this night our eyelids close,
Let us in thine arms repose.
Blessed Jesus, Son of God,
Wash us in thy precious blood.

3. Blessed Jesus, Saviour dear!
Through the darkness be thou near.
Blessed Jesus, light divine!
Let thy presence round us shine ;

4. By our couch thy station keep,
Guard from evil while we sleep.
Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright!
Guide us safe to realms of light.

NO. 10. BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.



1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. And such the child whose early feet
The path of peace hath trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet
Is upwards drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4. O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

NO. 11. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a - bove; Beau-ti-ful ci - ty that I love;

Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white; Beau-ti-ful tem - ple, God its light;—

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O-pens those pearl - y gates to me!

1. Beautiful Zion, built above;
 Beautiful city, that I love;
 Beautiful gates, of pearly white;
 Beautiful temple, God its light;—
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me!

2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light;
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
 Beautiful harps through all the choir;
 Beautiful strains, that never tire;—
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet!

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow;
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear;
 Beautiful all who enter there;—
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King;
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease;
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;—
 There shall my eyes my Saviour see,—
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.

NO. 12. BOUND UPON THE ACCURSED TREE.

Bound up-on th' accur-sed tree, Faint & bleed-ing, who is he? See his eyes so

pale & dim; Stream-ing blood & writh-ing limb; See the flesh with scour-ges torn; See the crown of

twist-ed thorn; See the droop-ing death-dew'd brow,— Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

1. Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
See his eyes so pale and dim;
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
See the flesh with scourges torn;
See the crown of twisted thorn;
See the drooping death-dew'd brow,—
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

2. Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
Hark! his prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
Lo, the sun at noon grown pale!
Rent in twain the temple's vail!
Trembling nature knows thee now,
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

3. Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who was he?
Though his lifeless corpse was laid
In a cold sepulchral bed,
Soon the Saviour from the grave
Rose a conqueror, strong to save;
Bright the crown that decks his brow—
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

NO. 13. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high. Journeying o'er the de-sert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-ni-ted Take our heav'nward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

1. Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams, &c.

2. Jesus, lord and master,
At thy sacred feet,

Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Brightly gleams, &c.

3. All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,

Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

Brightly gleams, &c.


4. Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus, in his beauty,
Songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams, &c.

NO. 14. INVITATION TO CHRIST.



Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to-



mor - row; Yield thee to - day. Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's



room, Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

1. Child of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow;
Yield thee to-day.
Heav'n bids thee come
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.
2. Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Wait not for to-morrow;
Jesus is nigh,
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Life can supply.

3. Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
4. Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye;
Joy knows no to-morrow
In heaven high.
O, sinner, come
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
To Jesus fly.

NO. 15. CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

Cling to the might-y one, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the

ho - ly one, He gives re - lief; Cling to the gra - cious one,

Cling in thy pain; Cling to the faith-ful one, He will sus - tain.

1. Cling to the mighty one,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the holy one,
He gives relief;
Cling to the gracious one,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the faithful one,
He will sustain.

2. Cling to the loving one,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the living one
Through all below;
Cling to the pardoning one,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the healing one,
Anguish shall cease.

3. Cling to the bleeding one,
Cling to his side;
Cling to the risen one,
In him abide;
Cling to the coming one,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the reigning one,
Joy light thine eyes.

NO. 16. CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Chil-dren of Je - ru-sa-lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;

Chil-dren, too, of mo - dern days, Join to sing the Sa-vi-our's praise.

Hark, hark, hark, while in-fant voi-ces sing, Hark, hark, hark while in-fant voi-ces sing

Loud ho-san-nas, loud ho-san-nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

1. Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
*Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.*

2. We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said,
"Babes' and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."
Hark, &c.

3. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his Word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise for all to God be given!
Hark, &c.

4. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite, to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark, &c.

NO. 17. CHILDREN THINK ON JESUS' LOVE.



Chil-dren, think on Je-sus' love—All for you! How he came from Heaven a-bove—



All for you! He whom an-gels did a - dore; Full of wis-dom, grace, and power;



How he all your sor-rows bore. Chil-dren 'twas for you! yes for you, all for you!

1. Children, think on Jesus' love—All for you!
 How he came from Heaven above—All for you!
 He whom angels did adore;
 Full of wisdom, grace, and power;
 How he all your sorrows bore.
 Children, 'twas for you! yes, for you, all for you!
2. Think how he contrived the plan—All for you!
 And to save, became a man—All for you!
 Left his glorious throne on high;
 Came to suffer, bleed, and die,
 You to raise above the sky.—*Children, &c.*
3. See he hangs upon the tree—All for you!
 Crowned with thorns in agony—All for you!
 Yes, for you all this he bore,
 And for thousands, thousands more,
 All to save from hell's dark door.—*Children, &c.*

NO. 18. CHRISTIANS AWAKE.

Christians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where-on the

Sa-viour of man-kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter-y of love,

Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy-ful

ti-dings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the vir - gin's son.

1. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the virgin's son.
2. Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the babe, who hath retrieved our loss,

- From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
3. Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty king.

NO. 19. CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

Child - hood's years are pass - ing o'er us, Youth - ful

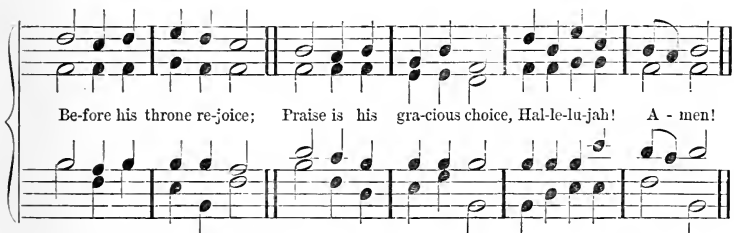
days will soon be done ; Cares and sor - rows lie be -

fore us, Hid - den dan - gers, snares un - known.

1. Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done ;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
2. Oh, may he who, meek and lowly,
Trode himself this vale of woe,
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.
3. Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me!"
Jesus! keep our feet from falling ;
Teach us all to follow thee.
4. Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again ;
Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh the crown of life to gain!

20. COME, CHILDREN JOIN.

21. JESUS, WE LOVE TO MEET.



20. FIRST HYMN.

1. Come, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Hallelujah! Amen!
2. Come lift your hearts on high,—*Hal., &c.*
Let praises fill the sky,—*Hal., &c.*
He is our guide and friend;
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end,—*Hal., &c.*
3. Praise yet the Lord again,—*Hal., &c.*
Life shall not end the strain,—*Hal., &c.*
On heav'n's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,—*Hal., &c.*

21. SECOND HYMN.

1. Jesus, we love to meet,
On this thy holy day.
We worship round thy seat,
On this thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly friend,
To thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this thy holy day.
2. We dare not trifle now,—*On this, &c.*
In silent awe we bow,—*On this, &c.*
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,—*On, &c.*
3. We listen to thy word,—*On this, &c.*
Bless all that we have heard,—*On, &c.*
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,—*On, &c.*

NO. 22. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Musical score for 'Come, Thou Almighty King'. The score is written for piano in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The lyrics 'Come thou Al - night - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Come, Thou Almighty King'. The lyrics 'Fa-ther all - glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days.' are written below the first staff of this system.

1. Come, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.

2. Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

NO. 23. COME, YE CHILDREN.

Musical score for 'Come, Ye Children'. The score is written for piano in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The lyrics 'Come, ye children, praise the Sa-viour, Sing his boundless power and love,' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.



He de - serves your sweet-est prais - es, Let them reach his throne a - bove.



Bless-ed Je - sus! Hal-le - lu - jah! Bless-ed Je - sus! kind and free!



Bless-ed Jes - us! thou'rt our Sa - viour, Praise be - longs a - lone to thee!

1. Come, ye children, praise the Saviour,
Sing his boundless power and love,
He deserves your sweetest praises,
Let them reach his throne above.
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to thee!

2. Angels praise him there in heaven,
Joining saints to bless his name,
All its courts resound with anthems,
Setting forth his matchless fame!
Blessed, &c.

3. Of his love they tell the story
How he left their home on high—
How he gave up heaven's bright glory,
And to earth came down to die.
Blessed, &c.

Teachers alone.

4. Children, would you join their chorus,
"Singing sweetly" as they shine,
Bearing harps of golden lustre,
Strung and tuned to strains divine!
Bring then more than "Hallelujahs,"
Bring your hearts, his right and due,
Say, "Lord take our youthful spirits,
Seal, and make them to thee true!"

Children alone.

5. "Blessed Saviour, take our spirits,
Gladly at thy call we come,
Make us heirs of grace and glory,
Raise us to thy heavenly home!"
All.—Then we'll sing sweet Hallelujahs
For thy love so kind and free,
And with angel hosts before thee
Spend a long eternity!

NO. 24. COME, LET US ALL UNITE.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score is divided into four systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system begins with a repeat sign. The third system also ends with a double bar line, and the fourth system begins with a repeat sign. The overall mood is solemn and reverent.

Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love, God is love !

Let heav'n & earth their prais - es bring, God is love, God is love !

Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,

And sing with us, for Je - sus' sake, God is love, God is love !

1. Come, let us all unite to sing,—God is love !
 Let heaven and earth their praises bring, *God, &c.*
 Let every soul from sin awake,
 Each in his heart sweet music make,
 And sing with us for Jesus' sake,—*God is, &c.*

2. How happy is our portion here !—*God is, &c.*
 His promises our spirits cheer :—*God is, &c.*
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 Our help, our hope, our strength and stay :
 He will be with us all the way :—*God is, &c.*

3. What though my heart & flesh should fail ! *God &c.*
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,—*God, &c.*
 Though Jordan swell I need not fear,
 My Saviour will be with me there,
 My head above the waves to bear,—*God is, &c.*

4. In Zion we shall sing again,—*God is, &c.*
 Yes, this shall be our highest strain,—*God is, &c.*
 Whilst endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This shall be still our sweetest song.—*God is, &c.*

NO. 25. CREATOR, PRESERVER, REDEEMER OF MEN.

Cre - a - tor, Pre - ser - ver Redeemer of men, Di - vine In - ter - ces - sor a -
 bove O when shall the song of thy prais - es be - gin, Or how shall I speak of thy
 love? Hea - ven is telling and earth is re - veal - ing What won - ders, thy mer - cy can prove.

1. Creator, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
 Divine Intercessor above.
 O when shall the song of thy praises begin,
 Or how shall I speak of thy love?
 Heaven is telling,
 And earth is revealing,
 What wonders thy mercy can prove.
2. And do I not love thee, O Saviour divine,
 The chief of ten thousands to me?
 Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
 Whose brightness no mortal can see.
 Angels shall bless thee,
 And men shall confess thee;
 All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.
3. Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom, and power,
 The glory and honour supreme;
 For ever and ever my soul would adore
 The unspeakable worth of thy name!
 For ever and ever,
 O glorious Saviour,
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

NO. 26. CLOUDS AND DARKNESS.

Clouds and dark-ness round a - bout thee, For a sea - son veil thy face ;

Still I trust and can-not doubt thee, Je - sus full of truth and grace ;

Rest - ing on thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from thy hand.

1. Clouds and darkness round about thee,
For a season veil thy face ;
Still I trust and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus full of truth and grace ;
Resting on thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

2. O ! rebuke me not in anger ;
Suffer not my faith to fail ;
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail ;
Holding fast thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

NO. 27. COME, COME TO JESUS.

Come, come to Je - sus ! He waits to wel - come thee,

NO. 27—Continued.

O wand' - rer ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee
O wand'rer! eagerly;
Come, come to Jesus! | 3. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee
O burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus! | 5. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus! |
| 2. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee
O slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus! | 4. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus! | 6. Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus! |

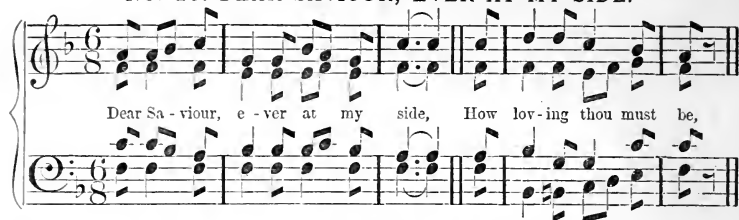
NO. 28. COME TO JESUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

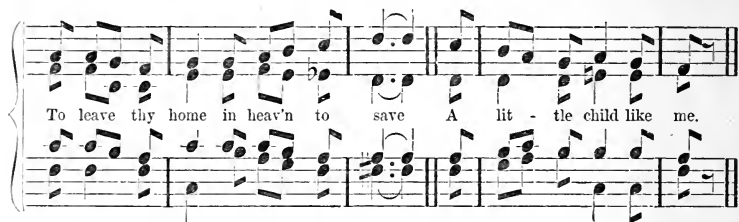
The Teacher to read aloud the text of Scripture before singing each verse.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." MATT. ii. 28. | 3. "This is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 TIM. i. 15. | 5. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." ACTS xvi. 31. |
| 2. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends." JN. xv. 13. | 4. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." HEB. viii. 25. | 6. "Show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." 1 PET. ii. 9. |
| 3. "Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you just now;—&c. | 4. He is able, he is able, He is able just now;—&c. | 6. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen: |

NO. 29. DEAR SAVIOUR, EVER AT MY SIDE.



Dear Sa - viour, e - ver at my side, How lov - ing thou must be,



To leave thy home in heav'n to save A lit - tle child like me.



Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;



The sweet - ness of thy soft kind voice, I am too deaf to hear.

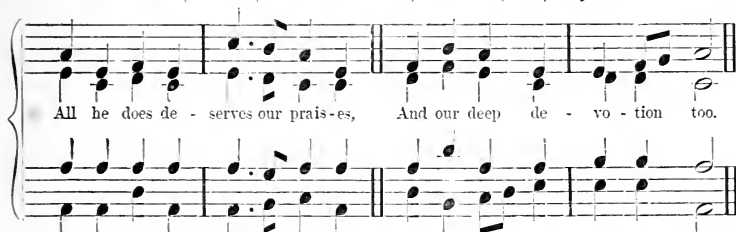
1. Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to save
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft kind voice,
I am too deaf to hear.
2. I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild.
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

- But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
3. And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
And when I sleep thou sleepest not
But watchest patiently.

NO. 30. DAILY, DAILY SING TO JESUS.



Dai-ly, dai-ly sing to Je-sus, Sing my soul his prais-es due,



All he does de-serves our prais-es, And our deep de-vo-tion too.



Lost in won-d'ring con-tem-pla-tion Be his ma-jes-ty con-fess'd,



Yet he is our lov-ing Sa-viour, Je-sus, friend and bro-ther blest.


1. Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing my soul his praises due.
All he does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion too.
Lost in wond'ring contemplation
Be his majesty confess'd,
Yet he is our loving Saviour,
Jesus, friend and brother blest.

2. Sweetly, sweetly, sing to Jesus,
Tell my soul his matchless love,
Sound aloud in songs of triumph,
How he came from heaven above,

How in deep humiliation,
He for us did live below,
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe.

3. Ever, ever, sing to Jesus,
Join with saints his name to bless.
Till the ransomed hosts of heaven,
Round his feet with anthems press,
Sing in songs of praise resounding,
Sing his majesty and grace,
Sing till here your service ending
You in heaven shall take your place

NO. 31. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.



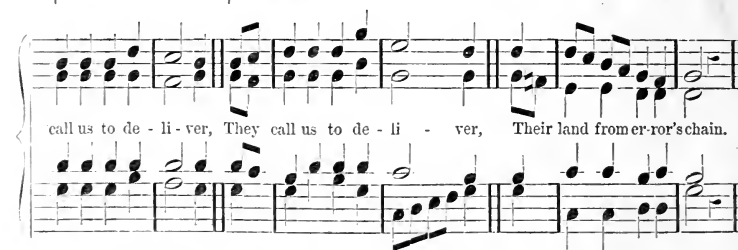
From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient



ri-ver, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - li - ver, They



call us to de - li - ver, They call us to de - li - ver, Their land from er-ror's chain.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Rows down to wood and stone.

NO. 31—Continued.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

NO. 32. FOR THY MERCY.



For thy mer-cy and thy grace, Faith-ful through an-o-ther year,



Hear our song of thank-ful-ness, Fa-ther and Re-deem-er, hear.

1. For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.
2. In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
3. Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
4. Make us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

NO. 33. FAR AWAY BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left, consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, and a vocal line on the right. The piano part features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The vocal line is a single melody line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Far a - way be-yond the sha-dows, Far a - way be-yond the grave,
 Hea-ven's light is soft - ly shin-ing, O - ver Jor-dan's chil - ly wave,
 Then, O why should I be fear - ful, As I stem the roll - ing tide
 When I hear the an - gels sing-ing, and have Je - sus by my side.

1. Far away beyond the shadows,
 Far away beyond the grave,
 Heaven's light is softly shining,
 Over Jordan's chilly wave.
 Then, O why should I be fearful
 As I stem the rolling tide
 When I hear the angels singing,
 And have Jesus by my side.
2. Leaning on his arm of mercy,
 With the blessed angels near,
 I will tread the path to Zion,
 And will never, never fear.

- I shall leave the cross behind me,
 I shall lay my burden down,
 And take up the heavenly garments,
 And the bright and shining crown.
3. What is earthly care and sorrow,
 What are trials here below,
 To the perfect joy and glory,
 Every blood-bought soul shall know.
 So I'll welcome Jordan's billows,
 When the day of death shall come,
 For I know beyond the shadows,
 Stands my fair eternal home.

NO. 34. FATHER, LET THY BENEDICTION.

Fa-ther, let thy ben-e-dic-tion, Gent-ly fall-ing as the dew,
And thy e-ver-gra-cious pre-sence, Bless us all our jour-ney through.
May we e-ver, May we e-ver Keep the end of life in view!

1. Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view!
2. Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see.
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.
3. When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.
4. Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to thee;
For the news of thy salvation,
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship thee.

NO. 35. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system the second line, the third system the third line, and the fourth system the fourth line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is shown on grand staves with both treble and bass clefs.

For e - ver with the Lord, A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is
in that word—'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent,
Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A
day's march near - er home, —Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

1. For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,—
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.
2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!—*Here in, &c.*

3. My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.—*Here in, &c.*
4. For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Ev'n here to me fulfil.—*Here in, &c.*
5. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.—*Here in, &c.*

NO. 36. FROM EGYPT'S BONDAGE COME.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

From E-gypt's bond-age come, Where death and dark-ness reign,
 We seek a new, a bet - ter home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where
 we our rest shall gain. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 We are on our way to God, We are on our way to God.

1. From Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek a new, a better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah! We are on our way to God.

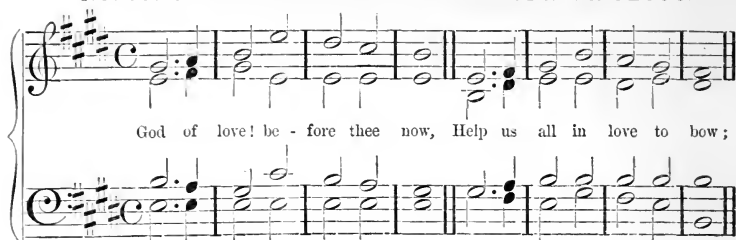
2. There sin and sorrow cease,
 And, ev'ry conflict o'er,
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger more.—*Hal., &c.*

3. There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing,
 And love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
 For God himself is king.—*Hal., &c.*

4. We hope to join the throng,
 And all their pleasures share,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With all the ransomed there.—*Hal., &c.*

NO. 37. GOD OF LOVE.

NO. 38. GENTLE JESUS.



37. FIRST HYMN.

38. SECOND HYMN.

1. God of love! before thee now,
Help us all in love to bow;
As the dew on Hermon fall,
Let thy blessing rest on all!
2. Let it soften ev'ry breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
Till we feel ourselves to be
Children of one family;
3. Far across the ocean wave,
Brethren, sisters too, we have;
But they have not heard of thee,
Wilt thou not their Father be?
4. Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
And beneath his care rejoice;
And together let them come
To the fold while yet there's room.

1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.
2. Fain I would to thee be brought:
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.
3. Oh, supply my ev'ry want!
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be;
Ev'ry moment watch round me.

NO. 39. GOD WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

God will ne - ver leave thee, All thy wants he knows,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in C major and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the second system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
2. When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
He his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
3. All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.
4. Jesus, Holy Saviour!
In the realms above
Crown us with thy favour,
Fill us with thy love.

NO. 40. GO SOUND THE TRUMP.

J. GALL.

Go sound the trump on In-dia's shore, And bid the Hin-du weep no more,—

Hindu weep no more! Hindu weep no more! From idols vain, & Ganges' wave The low-ly

Saviour comes to save. From tyrant's pow'r & Satan's sway, The gospel gives the vic-to-ry.

1. Go sound the trump on India's shore,
And bid the Hindu weep no more,—
Hindu, weep no more!
From idols vain, and Ganges' wave,
The lowly Saviour comes to save.
*From tyrant's power, and Satan's sway,
The gospel gives the victory.*
2. Go sound the trump on Afric's shore,
And bid the negro weep no more!—*Negro, &c.*
From cruel chains, and bloody grave,
The lowly Saviour comes to save.—*From, &c.*
3. Go sound the trump on Judah's shore,
And say to Israel, weep no more!—*Israel, &c.*
The Lord of glory, slain by you,
Will yet restore the guilty Jew.—*From, &c.*
4. Go sound the trump on every shore,
And bid poor sinners weep no more!—*Sinners, &c.*
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' veins
Will wash away your crimson stains.—*From, &c.*

NO. 41. GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth and heaven re - ply,

Praise ye his name. An - gels, his name a - dore Who all our

sor - rows bore; Saints, sing for e - ver - more, Wor - thy the Lamb!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Glory to God on high!
 Let earth and heaven reply,
 Praise ye his name.
 Angels, his name adore
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!</p> | <p>3. Join all the ransom'd race,
 Our God and Saviour bless,
 Praise ye his name:
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise;
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb!</p> |
| <p>2. Ye who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb!</p> | <p>4. Soon must we change our place;
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name.
 Still will we tribute bring;
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And through all ages sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!</p> |

NO. 42. HE FEEDETH HIS FLOCK.

He feed-eth his flock like a shepherd, The weak by his mer-cy are strong;

He com-forts the hearts in af-flic-tion, Their wail-ing he chan-ges to song;

He bends with an eye of com-pas-sion, What-e-ver our tri-als may be,

And says, while he pi-ties the mourn-er, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."

1. "He feedeth his flock like a shepherd;"
 The weak, by his mercy are strong;
 He comforts the hearts in affliction,
 Their wailing, he changes to song;
 He bends with an eye of compassion,
 Whatever our trials may be,
 And says, while he pities the mourner,
 "My grace is sufficient for thee."

2. "He feedeth his flock like a shepherd."
 And succours the poor and oppressed;
 The lambs, in his arms, he will gather,
 And carry them safe on his breast;

With clouds of temptation around us,
 Whatever the conflict may be,
 He whispers to each, in his goodness,
 "My grace is sufficient for thee."

3. "He feedeth his flock like a shepherd,"
 And giveth the weary repose;
 He leads them beside the still waters,
 Where pleasure eternally flows;
 His banner of love will defend us,
 Whatever the danger may be,
 We know, for his word has declared it.
 "My grace is sufficient for thee."

NO. 43. HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF JUDAH.

Hail bright star of Ju - dah, God's own son most blest, E - ver sin-less

Sa - viour, Gate of heav'nly rest; See thy chil-dren wait-ing, Long-ing for thee

here, Come breathe peace with - in us, Joy and ho - ly - fear.


1. Hail, bright star of Judah,
 God's own Son most blest,
 Ever sinless Saviour,
 Gate of heavenly rest;
 See thy children waiting,
 Longing for thee here,
 Come breathe peace within us,
 Joy and holy fear.

2. Break each captive's fetters,
 Light on blindness pour,
 Human ills expelling,
 Healing every sore;

Show thyself a Saviour,
 Mighty and divine,
 Blessing all before thee,
 Making us all thine.

3. Jesus! all excelling,
 Loving, tender, mild,
 Fix in us thy dwelling,
 Thou the undefiled,
 Keep our life all spotless,
 Make our way secure,
 Till we find in heaven,
 Joys for evermore *mark, &c.*


NO. 44. HAD I THE WINGS.



Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly Far, far a-way, far, far a-way.



Where not a cloud e-ver dark-ens the sky, Far, far a-way, far a-way.



Fade-less the flow'rs in yon E-den that blow Green green the bow'rs where the still waters flow;



Hearts like their gar-ments are pure as the snow, Far, far a-way, far a-way.

1. Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away, far, far away.
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away, far away.
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow;
Hearts, like their garments, are pure as the snow,
Far, far away, far away.

2. There never trembles a sigh of regret, *Far &c.*
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set, *-Far, &c.*
There I for ever from sorrow would rest,
Leaning with joy on Emmanuel's breast,
Tears never flow in the home of the blest, *Far &c.*

3. Friends there united in glory ne'er part, *Far &c.*
One is their temple, their home, and their heart, -
The river of crystal, the city of gold, [*Far, &c.*
The portals of pearl such a glory unfold;
Eye cannot image & tongue hath not told, *-Far, &c.*

4. List how yon harpers on golden harps play,
"Come, come away, come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay,
Come, come away, come away.
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you.
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true,
Sing ye the song never old, ever new,
Come, come away, come away."

NO. 45. HARK! THE SABBATH BELL.

Hark! the Sab-bath bell is call-ing, "Come, oh come;" Wea-ry ones, wher-

e'er you wan-der, "Hi-ther come;" Loud-er now, with deep-er feel-ing,

On the heart that voice is steal-ing, "Come! nor long-er roam." "Come! nor long-er roam."

1. Hark! the Sabbath bell is calling,
 "Come, oh come;"
 Weary ones, where'er you wander,
 "Hither come;"
 Louder now, with deeper feeling,
 On the heart that voice is stealing,
 "Come!—nor longer roam."
2. Now again its tones are pealing,
 "Come, oh come;"
 In the sacred temple kneeling,
 "Seek thy home."
 Come, and in his presence bending,
 See thy Lord, in love descending,
 Bids thy spirit come.
3. Still the pleading voice is ringing,
 "Come, oh come;"
 Every heart pure incense bringing,
 "Hither come."
 Father, round thy footstool bending
 May our souls, to thee ascending,
 Find in thee their home.

NO. 46. HARK! WHAT CRY ARRESTS MY EAR?

Hark! what cry ar-rests my ear? Hark! what ac-cents of de-spair? 'Tis the hea-then's

dy-ing prayer, Friends of Je-sus, hear! "Men of God, to you we cry,

Rests on you our tear-ful eye; Help us, Chris-tians, or we die! Die in dark de-spair!"

1. Hark! what cry arrests my ear?
Hark! what accents of despair?
'Tis the heathen's dying prayer,
Friends of Jesus, hear!
"Men of God, to you we cry,
Rests on you our tearful eye;
Help us, Christians, or we die!
Die in dark despair!"

2. Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
O'er the land and o'er the wave,
Dangers, death, and distance brave:
Hark! for help they call!
Afric bends her suppliant knee—
Asia spreads her hands to thee:
Hark! they urge the heaven-born plea,
"JESUS WELCOMES ALL!"

3. Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name;
Snatch the firebrands from the flame;
Deck his glorious diadem
With their ransom'd souls.
See! the pagan altars fall!
See! the Saviour reigns o'er all!
Crown him, crown him Lord of all!
Echoes round the poles.

NO. 47. HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'ange-lic hosts pro-claim Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born king.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born king,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born king.

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail, the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hark, &c.

3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark, &c.

NO. 48. HARK, THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white &

har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud & long the Mas-ter call-eth,

Rich re-ward he of-fers free; Who will answer glad-ly say-ing Here am I, send me send me?

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"</p> | <p>3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say, he welcomes all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.</p> |
| <p>2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.</p> | <p>4. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."</p> |

NO. 49. HARK! HARK! THE NOTES OF JOY.

The musical score is written for a grand piano (treble and bass clefs) in C major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has two staves with lyrics underneath. The second system also has two staves with lyrics. The third system has two staves with lyrics. The music is a lively, joyful piece with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hark ! hark ! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heaven-ly plains, And ser-aphs find em-
 ploy For their sub-lim - est strains: Some new de-light in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps a-round the throne, Loud ring the harps a - round the throne.

1. Hark ! hark ! the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains:
 Some new delight in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps around the throne,—*Loud, &c.*
2. Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend ;
 Jesus forsakes the sky ;
 To earth his footsteps bend :
 He comes to save our fallen race,
 He comes with messages of grace,—*He comes, &c.*
3. Bear, bear the tidings round,
 Let every creature know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show ;
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole,—*Bear, &c.*
4. Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name !
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And loud his grace proclaim ;
 Angels and men, wake every string ;
 ' 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing,—*'Tis God, &c.*

NO. 50. HEAR THY CHILDREN.

Musical score for 'Hear thy children'. The score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'Hear thy chil - dren gen - tle Je - sus, While we breathe our ev - ning prayer,'.

Musical score for 'Save us from all earthly danger'. The score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'Save us from all earth - ly dan - ger, Take us 'neath thy shelt - ring care.'

1. Hear thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all earthly danger,
Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

2. Save us from the wiles of Satan;
'Mid the lone and silent night,
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3. Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From thy great white throne above,
All the night thy eyes are watchful,
Never close thine eyes of love.

4. Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom,
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead us to our heavenly home.

NO. 51. HARK, HARK MY SOUL.

Musical score for 'Hark, hark my soul'. The score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature, and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'Hark ! hark, my soul ; an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green'.

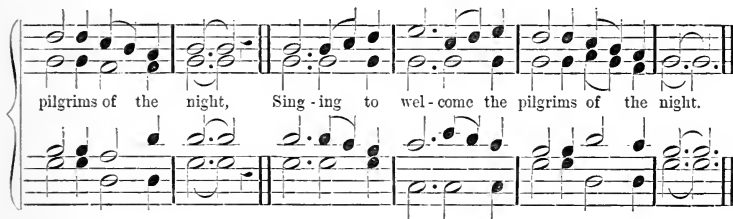
Musical score for 'fields and ocean's wave-beat shore'. The score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature, and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore ; How sweet the truth those bless - ed'.



strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.



Au - gels of Je - sus, au - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the



pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

1. Hark ! hark, my soul : angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Angels, &c.*
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to thee.—*Angels, &c.*
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Angels, &c.*
5. Angels sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Angels, &c.*

NO. 52. HE LEADETH ME.

He lead-eth me! O, bless-ed thought O, words with heav-'nly com-fort fraught

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me;

His faith-ful foll-'wer I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

1. He leadeth me! O, blessed thought,
O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me! *He, &c.*

3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*He, &c.*

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *He, &c.*

NO. 53. HERE WE SUFFER GRIEF AND PAIN.



Here we suf - fer grief and pain; Here we meet to part a - gain;



In heav'n we part no more. O, that will be joy - ful! Joy-ful, joy - ful,



joy - ful! O, that will be joy - ful! When we meet to part no more.

1. Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Chorus—O, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.
2. All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.—*O, &c.*
3. Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.—*O, &c.*
4. Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.—*O, &c.*
5. There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.—*O, &c.*

NO. 54. HOLY FATHER.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone;

Year by year, thy hand hath brought me On through dan - gers oft un - known.

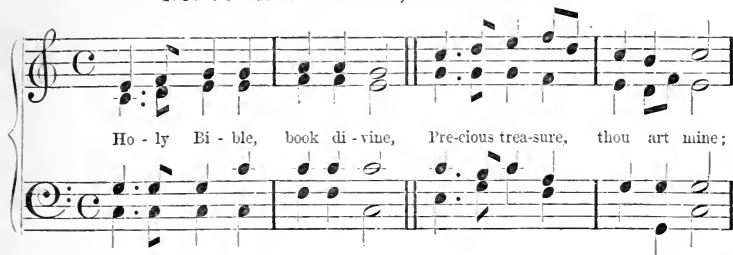
When I wan - dered, thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light,

Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

1. Holy Father, thou hast taught me,
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.
2. In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.

- Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
3. I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help to turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

NO. 55. HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine;



Mine to teach me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure thou art mine.

1. Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to teach me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am.
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.
2. Mine thou art to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine to chide me when I rove.
Holy Bible, &c.
3. Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
Holy Bible, &c.

NO. 56. HOW LOVING IS JESUS.

How lov-ing is Je-sus, who came from the sky, In
 ten-der-est pi-ty for sin-ners to die! His hands and his
 feet, they were nail'd to the tree, And all this he suf-fer'd for
 sin-ners like me, And all this he suf-fer'd for sin-ners like me!

1. How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
 In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
 His hands and his feet, they were nail'd to the tree,
 And all this he suffer'd for sinners like me!
2. How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
 To all who receive him by faith in their heart!
 No evil befalls them, their home is above,
 And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.
3. How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
 And out of his fulness what grace they receive!
 When weak he supports them, when erring he guides,
 And everything needful he kindly provides.
4. Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days:
 They only are bless'd who walk in his ways:
 In life and in death he will still be their friend,
 For those whom he loves, he will love to the end.

NO. 57. HOW KIND IS THE SAVIOUR.

How kind is the Sav-iour How great is his love! To bless lit-tle

chil - dren He came from a - bove; He left ho - ly an - gels, And

their bright a - bode, To dwell here with chil-dren, And teach them the road.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. How kind is the Saviour—
 How great is his love!
 To bless little children
 He came from above;
 He left holy angels,
 And their bright abode,
 To dwell here with children,
 And teach them the road.</p> | <p>3. He went back to glory,
 But left us his word,
 Which oft from our teachers
 And pastors we've heard:
 He sends forth his Spirit
 Our hearts to enflame,
 With joy in his service,
 And love to his name.</p> |
| <p>2. He wept in the garden,
 And died on the tree,
 To open a fountain
 For sinners like me;
 His blood is that fountain,
 Which pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest
 Wherever it flows.</p> | <p>4. Oh, help us, blest Jesus,
 More sweetly to praise,
 And walk in thy footsteps
 The rest of our days;
 Then raise us, dear Saviour,
 To taste of thy love,
 And praise thee for ever
 With children above.</p> |

NO. 58. HUSH'D BE MY MURM'RING.

Hush'd be my murm'-ring, let cares de - part;

The first system of the musical score for 'Hush'd Be My Murm'ring'. It features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Hush'd be my murm'-ring, let cares de - part;'.

Je - sus is near me, to cheer my heart; He's near to

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Je - sus is near me, to cheer my heart; He's near to'.

help me whilst life's hours re - main; He speaks to cheer me in toil and in

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'help me whilst life's hours re - main; He speaks to cheer me in toil and in'.

pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain. Gen - tle an - gels

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain. Gen - tle an - gels'.

near me glide, Hopes of glo - ry round me 'bide. And there ling - ers

by my side A Sa-viour, a Sa - viour, a Sa-viour ev - er near,

A Sa - viour, a Sa - viour, a Sa - viour ev - er near.

1. Hush'd be my murmur'ing, let cares depart ;
Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart ;
He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain ;
He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.
Gentle angels near me glide,
Hopes of glory round me 'bide,
And there lingers by my side
A Saviour ever near.
2. Why should I languish, why should I fear ?
In sorrow and anguish he's ever near ;
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, he'll near me remain.—*Gentle, &c.*
3. Scenes that will vanish, smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow ;
But soon in heaven he'll meet me again,
There will end my sorrow, and there will end my pain.
Gentle, &c.

NO. 59. HOW DELIGHTFUL THE THOUGHT.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

How de - light - ful the thought that the an - gels in bliss

Dai - ly bend their bright wings to a world such as this; And

leave the sweet songs of the man - sions a - bove, To breathe on our bo - soms some

mes - sage of love! To breathe on our bo - soms some mes - sage of love!

1. How delightful the thought that the angels in bliss
Daily bend their bright wings to a world such as this;
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe on our bosoms some message of love!
2. They come! on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to cheer, or direction afford,
Or lay him to sleep in the arms of his Lord.

NO. 60. I HAVE A FATHER.

I have a Fa-ther in the pro-mised land; I have a Fa-ther in the
promised land. My Fa-ther calls me; I must go, To meet him in the promised land.
I'll a - way, I'll a - way, to the pro-mised land. I'll a - way, I'll a-way, to the
promised land; My Fa-ther calls me; I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

1. I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me; I must go,
To meet him in the promised land. - *Full, &c.*
My Father calls me, &c.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land;
My Saviour calls me; I must go,
To meet him in the promised land. *Full &c.*
My Saviour calls me, &c.

3. I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me I must go,
To wear it in the promised land. - *Full, &c.*
When Jesus calls me, &c.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, we'll away to the promis'd land
At Jesus' feet a joyous band, &c.

NO. 61. IF I COME TO JESUS.

If I come to Je-sus, He will make me glad; He will give me

plea-sure, When my heart is sad. If I come to Je-sus,

Hap-py I shall be, He is gent-ly call-ing, Lit-tle ones like me.

1. If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2. If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
For he loves me dearly,
And my sins did bear.
If, &c.

3. If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

If, &c.

4. There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

If, &c.

NO. 62. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems, each with a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are as follows:

I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad;
I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live.

- I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto-me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'ling days are done.

NO. 63. I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

The musical score for 'I'm But a Stranger Here' is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home;
 Earth is a de-sert drear, Heav'n is my home: Dan-ger and sor-row stand
 Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

1. I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home:
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.
2. What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven, &c.

Short is my pilgrimage,—Heaven, &c.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast:
 I shall reach home at last,—Heaven, &c.

3. Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven, &c.
 Whate'er my earthly lot,—Heaven, &c.
 For I shall surely stand
 Then at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,—Heaven, &c.

NO. 64. IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

The musical score for 'In the Christian's Home' is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest, Where the

Saviour's gone be - fore me To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. On the o - ther
 side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.

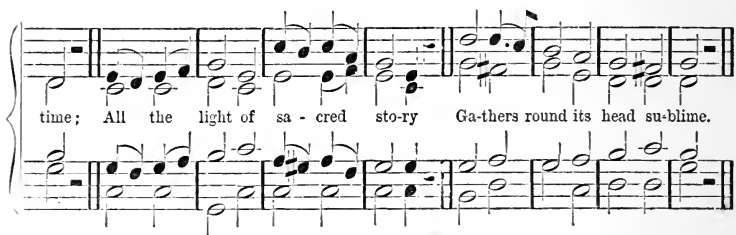
1. In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 Where the Saviour's gone before me
 To fulfil my soul's request.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden.
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
 There is rest for the weary.
 There is rest for you.
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand;
 My stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.—*On, &c.*

3. Pain nor sickness e'er can enter;
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.—*On, &c.*
4. Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn,
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
 Hail with joy the happy dawn. *On, &c.*
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumphs as you go!
 Zion's gates will open to you.
 You shall find an entrance through.
On the, &c.

NO. 65. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.



In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of



time; All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Ga-thers round its head su-blime.



When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,



Ne - ver shall the cross for - sake me; Lo, it glows with peace & joy.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

2. When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.
 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

NO. 66. I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

I love to think of Je - sus, 'Mid all my an - xious cares; I love to lean on

Je - sus, For he my bur - den bears; I love to walk with Je - sus, Close to his lov - ing

side, And see the wounds of Je - sus, And know for me he died. I love to talk with

Je - sus, And tell him all I feel, For well I know my Je - sus Will then his love re - veal.

1. I love to think of Jesus,
 'Mid all my anxious cares,
 I love to lean on Jesus,
 For he my burden bears;
 I love to walk with Jesus,
 Close to his loving side,
 And see the wounds of Jesus,
 And know for me he died.
 I love to talk with Jesus,
 And tell him all I feel,
 For well I know my Jesus
 Will then his love reveal.

2. I love to look to Jesus,
 By faith, within the veil,
 And draw my strength from Jesus
 Whose word can never fail;
 I love to ask of Jesus
 To keep me pure within,
 And hear the voice of Jesus
 That pardons all my sin;
 I love to sing of Jesus,
 Of all the sweetest name,
 The dying love of Jesus
 To all around proclaim.

NO. 67. I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all &

frees us From the ac-cur-sed load. I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To

wash my crim-son stains, White in his blood most pre-cious, Till not a spot re-mains.

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2. I bring my wants to Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases, —
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases, —
He all my sorrows shares.

3. I long to be like Jesus;
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
And sing with saints his praises, —
To learn the angel's song.

NO. 68. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, I knew not my dan-ger, and felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap-tures of Christ on the tree, Je - ho-vah Tsid - kēn - u was no-thing to me.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Tho' friends spoke in raptures of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu was nothing to me.
2. Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that *my* sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkēnu—'twas nothing to me!
3. When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me—I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my Saviour must be!
4. My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet Name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu is all things to me!
5. Ev'n threading the valley and shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For when from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my death-song shall be!

(Jehovah Tsidkēnu, (The Lord our Righteousness,) was the watchword of the Reformers.)

NO. 69. THE LAMB OF GOD.

I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In a - go - nies and blood,

Who fix'd his lan - guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

1. I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2. Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

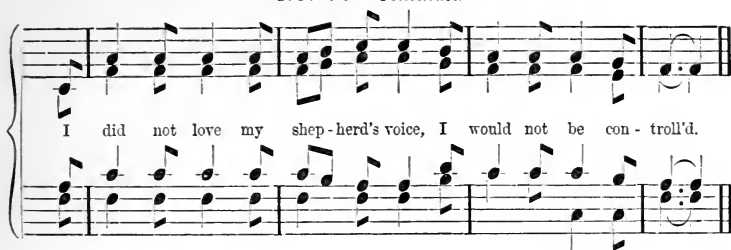
3. My conscience felt and own'd my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4. A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

NO. 70. I WAS A WAND'RING SHEEP.

I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,

NO. 70—Continued.



I did not love my shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd.



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,



I did not love my fa-ther's voice, I lov'd a-far to roam.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2. The shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wand'ring one.

3. Jesus my shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wand'ring sheep.
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,—
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wand'ring sheep,
 I love to be controll'd,
 I love my tender shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heav'nly Father's voice,—
 I love, I love his home.

NO. 71. I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Music by
Dr. H. T. LESLIE.

I stood out - side the gate, a poor way - far - ing child,

And round my spi - rit there did beat a tem - pest loud and wild.

"O Je - sus!" then I cried, "Give me sweet rest from sin!"

"I will," a lov - ing voice re - plied, and Je - sus took me in.

1. I stood outside the gate, a poor wayfaring child,
And round my spirit there did beat a tempest loud and wild.
"O Jesus!" then I cried, "Give me sweet rest from sin!"
"I will," a loving voice replied, and Jesus took me in.
2. He bound up all my wounds, he eased my load of sin,
He comforted my aching heart, and kindly took me in.
Oh happy, blest exchange, for all my guilt and sin,
I stood forlorn before the gate, and Jesus took me in!

NO. 72. I WILL ARISE.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise and go to my

This system contains the first two staves of the piece. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B-flat4. The accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

Fa - ther, And will say un - to him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note A4. The accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

sin - ned, I have sin - ned I have sin - ned a - gainst heav'n and be - fore thee, And am

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son. I will a - rise,

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The melody continues with a quarter note D4, followed by a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The melody concludes with a quarter note A4, followed by a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The accompaniment concludes with chords and single notes.

NO. 73. I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And
all a - long my pil - grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.
Help me to sing for Je - sus, Help to tell the sto - ry, Of
him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

1. I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.
Help me to sing for Jesus,
Help to tell the story,
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2. Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I do sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master? *Help, &c.*

3. I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Help me, &c.

4. Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Help me, &c.

NO. 74. I WOULD BE LIKE AN ANGEL.

I would be like an an-gel, And with the an-gels stand, A crown up-on my

fore-head, A harp with-in my hand; Then, right be-fore my Sa-viour, So

glo-rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweet-est mu-sic, And praise him day and night.

1. I would be like an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
Then, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And, with ten thousand angels,
Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

4. Oh there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

NO. 75. I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Je - sus, So low - ly and so meek;
 For no one mark'd an ang - ry word That e - ver heard him speak.

1. I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
2. I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.
3. I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never find

That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4. I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."
5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace
And make me like to thee.

NO. 76. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound for the land of bright
 spi - rits a - bove: Je - sus, our Sa - viour, in mer - cy says "Come!" Joy - ful - ly,

joy - ful - ly, haste to your home. Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low ;

Soon to the pre - sence of God we shall go ; Then if to Je - sus our

hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says " Come ! "
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below ;
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
2. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home !
Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home !
3. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,
" Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home ! "
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we can hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome :
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come !

NO. 77. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Jer - u - sa - lem the gold-en! With milk & honey blest; Be-neath thy con-tem-

pla-tion Sink heart & voice op - prest. I know not, oh! I know not What

joys a-wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare.

1. Jerusalem the golden!
 With milk and honey blest;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh! I know not
 What joys await us there;
 What radiance of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.
2. They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 And they, who with their leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

NO. 78. JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Who did once, up - on the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day,
 Hallelujah!
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Hallelujah!
 Who did once, upon the cross,
 Hallelujah!
 Suffer to redeem our loss.
 Hallelujah!

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Hallelujah!
 Unto Christ, our heavenly king,
 Hallelujah!

Who endured the cross and grave,
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners to redeem and save!
 Hallelujah!

3. But the pain which he endured
 Hallelujah!
 Our salvation hath procured;
 Hallelujah!
 Now above the sky he's king,
 Hallelujah!
 Where the angels ever sing.
 Hallelujah!

NO. 79. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Je-sus is our Shep-herd, wip-ing ev'-ry tear, Fold-ed in his

bo-som, what have we to fear? On-ly let us fol-low whi-ther he doth

lead, To the thirs-ty de-sert, or the dew-y mead.

1. Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping ev'ry tear,
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither he doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
2. Jesus is our Shepherd, may we know his voice,
How its gentle whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chilleth, tender is his tone;
None but he shall guide us—we are his alone.
3. Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep he bled;
Ev'ry lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed;
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign,
They that have my Spirit—these, saith he, are mine.
4. Jesus is our Shepherd: guarded by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

NO. 80. JESUS KEEP ME.

Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain, Free to all, a

heal-ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the cross, in the cross Be my

glo-ry e-ver, Till my rap-tur'd soul shall find, Rest be-yond the ri-ver.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.—*In, &c.*

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
May I walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.
In the, &c.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.
In the, &c.

NO. 81. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

First Tune.

Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, Let me

to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,

Fine.
While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sa - viour,

hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in -

to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found;
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Second Tune.

Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high,

2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

3. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.

4. All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

5. Plenteous grace with thee is found;
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

6. Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

NO. 82. JESUS LOVES ME.

Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle

ones to him be-long, They are weak but he is strong. Yes, Je - sus loves me,

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong.
They are weak but he is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2. Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

3. Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me when I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

4. Jesus loves me! he will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

NO. 83. JESUS, MY LORD.

Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sa-viour, when I call;

Hear me, and from thy dwell-ing place, Pour down the rich-es of thy grace.

Je - sus, my Lord, I thee a - dore, O make me love thee more and more.

Je - sus, my Lord, I thee a - dore, O make me love thee more and more.

1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

2. Jesus, too late I thee have sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, &c.

3. Jesus, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, &c.

4. Jesus, of thee shall be my song.
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine.
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesus, &c.

NO. 84. JESUS STILL LEAD ON.

Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won:

And al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol-low, calm and fear-less;

Guide us by thy hand To our fa-ther-land!

1. Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland!

2. If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'take us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go!

3. When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

4. Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won
Heavenly leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

NO. 85. JESUS, WHEN A LITTLE CHILD.

Je - sus, when a lit - tle child, Taught us what we ought to be,

Ho - ly, harm - less, un - de - fil'd, Was the Sa - viour's in - fan - cy ;

All the Fa - ther's glo - ry shone, In the per - son of his son.

1. Jesus, when a little child,
Taught us what we ought to be ;
Holy, harmless, undefil'd,
Was the Saviour's infancy :
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of his Son.
2. As in age and strength he grew,
Heav'nly wisdom filled his breast,
Crowds attentive round him drew,
Wond'ring at their gentle guest—
Gaz'd upon his lovely face,
Saw him full of truth and grace.
3. Father, guide our steps aright,
In the way that Jesus trod ;
May it be our great delight
To obey thy will, O God.
Then to us shall soon be giv'n
Endless bliss with Christ in heav'n.

NO. 86. JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pre-sence rest.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.</p> <p>2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O, Saviour of mankind.</p> | <p>3. O, hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How kind to those who seek.</p> <p>4. But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.</p> |
|---|---|

NO. 87. JESUS, SAVIOUR.

Je-sus, Sa-viour hear me call, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be,

Thou my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a-bide with me.

NO. 87—Continued.

1. Jesus, Saviour, hear my call,
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou my life, my hope, my all,
Lord, abide with me.
2. Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from thee,
Lead me by thy gentle hand,
Lord, abide with me.
3. Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free,
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4. Fill me with thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee,
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.
5. When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Still abide with me.
6. Then, O, then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see,
There, while endless ages roll,
Thou'lt abide with me!

NO. 88. JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in common time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

1. Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find.
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

NO. 89. LEAD US, O GOD, TO THEE.

Lead us, O God, to thee, Lead us to thee! Though full of

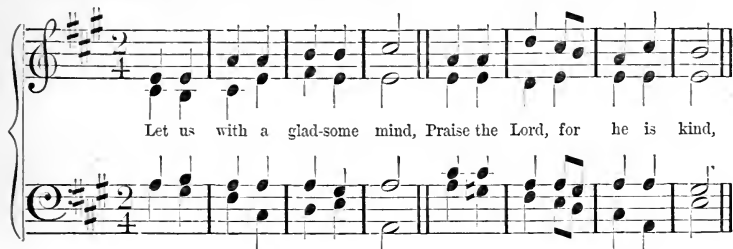
guilt and sin, And poor we be, We would be wholly thine,

Oh, by thy grace di-vine Lead us, Lead us, Lead us to thee.

1. Lead us, O God, to thee,
 Lead us to thee!
 Though full of guilt and sin,
 And poor we be;
 We would be wholly thine,
 Oh, by thy grace divine,
 Lead us to thee!

2. When earth looks bright and fair,
 Festive and gay,
 Let no delusive snare
 Lure us away;
 Oh, in temptation's hour,
 By thy almighty power,
 Hold us to thee!

3. And when the end draws near,
 Saviour divine!
 Calm every rising fear,
 Keep us as Thine;
 Then to thy home above,
 Oh, in thy matchless love,
 Take us to shine!



90. FIRST HYMN.

1. Let us with a glad-some mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
2. Children, come, extol his might;
Join with saints and angels bright.
For his, &c.
3. All our wants he doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry.
For his, &c.
4. He of old our fathers blest,
Led them to the land of rest.
For his, &c.
5. His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high.
For his, &c.
6. Let us then with glad-some mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.
For his, &c.

91. SECOND HYMN.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
2. Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.
3. With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

NO. 92. LIGHT OF LIFE.

Light of life, so soft-ly shin-ing From the blood-be - sprink-led tree;

Ne - ver wan - ing, nor de - clin - ing, Shine, shine on me;

Ne - ver wan - ing, nor de - clin - ing, Shine, shine on me.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Light of life, so softly shining
From the blood-besprinkled tree;
Never waning, nor declining,
Shine, shine on me.</p> | <p>4. Light of life that knows no setting,
Day and night thy beams we see;
Joy and peace in us begetting,
Shine, shine on me.</p> |
| <p>2. Light of life, so sweetly gleaming
Down upon our troubled sea,
With the love of Jesus beaming,
Shine, shine on me.</p> | <p>5. Light of life, in childhood's gladness,
To thy radiance we would flee;
Be our strength in days of sadness,
Shine, shine on me.</p> |
| <p>3. Light of life that knows no fading,
From all changing ever free;
Holy light that knows no shading,
Shine, shine on me.</p> | <p>6. Light of life, all health bestowing,
Lift we up our eyes to thee;
From the cross of Jesus flowing,
Shine, shine on me.</p> |

NO. 93. LITTLE TRAVELLERS ZIONWARD.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left (treble and bass clef) and a vocal line on the right (treble clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Lit - tle trav-'llers Zi - on - ward, Each one en-t'ring in - to rest
In the king-dom of your Lord, In the man - sions of the blest.
There to wel-come Je-sus waits, Gives the crown his fol-lowers win.
Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates, Let the lit - tle trav - 'llers in!

1. Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!
2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?

- "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."
3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "COME" awaits.
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

NO. 94. LO, AT NOON.

Lo, at noon, 'tis sud - den night, Dark-ness co - vers all the sky;

Rocks are rend-ing at the sight; Chil - dren, can you tell me why?

What can all these won-ders be? Je - sus dies on Cal - va - ry!

What can all these won - ders be? Je - sus dies on Cal - va - ry!

1. Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky;
Rocks are rending at the sight:
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

2. Nail'd upon the cross, behold,
How his tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn.
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3. See, the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side;
Hark! He now has breathed his last
With a mighty groan he died.
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4. He who was a King above
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity—out of love,
That the guilty he might save.
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

NO. 95. LO! HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, aligned with the musical phrases. The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves. The lyrics are: 'Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sin - ners slain; Thou - sand, thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri-umph of his train, Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.'

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign!

2. Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,

Rise to meet Him free from fear.
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
Shouts of welcome greet His ear.

3. Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High, on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known.
O come quickly! O come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

NO. 96. LOW THE INFANT SAVIOUR LIES.

Low the in-fant Sa-viour lies; He ap-pears in
low-ly guise; Yet by faith we read the words— King of kings and
Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and
Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords.

1. Low the infant Saviour lies;
He appears in lowly guise;
Yet by faith we read the words—
King of kings and Lord of lords.
2. See! He stands at Pilate's bar,
Most despised of all by far;
Still to Him belong the words—
King of kings and Lord of lords.
3. He who wears the crown of thorns,
He whom man reviles and scorns,

- Yet demands as His the words—
King of kings and Lord of lords.
4. On the cross 'tis still the same,
Never can He yield his claim
To these ever glorious words—
King of kings and Lord of lords.
5. Pass'd the conflict of his love,
See, He takes his place above;
On His vesture shine the words—
King of kings and Lord of lords.

NO. 97. LORD, A LITTLE BAND.

Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to thee,

Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, Oh! how so - lemn we should be!

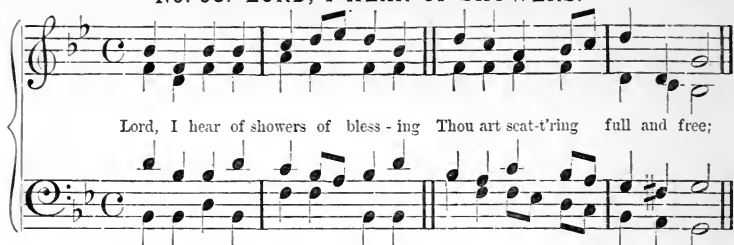
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heav'n where he is gone;

And let no - thing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.

1. Lord, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee,
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 Oh! how solemn we should be!
 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

2. For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.
 Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

NO. 98. LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS.



Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;



Showers the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me.



E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

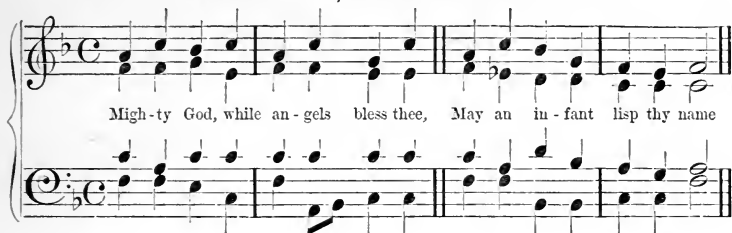
2. Pass me not, O God my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!—
Even me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
Oh, I'm longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Even me.

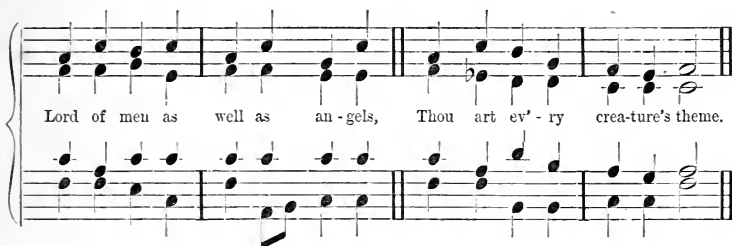
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

5. Pass me not—thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee.
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me!—
Even me.

NO. 99. MIGHTY GOD, WHILE ANGELS BLESS.



Migh - ty God, while an - gels bless thee, May an in - fant lisp thy name



Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ry crea - ture's theme.



Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men.

1. Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Halleluiah! Amen!
2. Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Sounded through thy wide dominion
Be thy just and lawful praise.—*Hal., &c.*
3. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd be?
Flee, my soul, such guilty silence,
Sing, the Lord who died for thee.—*Hal., &c.*

NO. 100. MINE THE CROSS.

Mine the cross, and thine the glo - ry, Thou hast suf - fer'd once for me,

Let my life be calm or cloud-ed, I can trust it, Lord, to thee. *Fine.*

Let me feel the sweet as - sur - ance Of thy pre - sence al - ways near,

Grant me on - ly this, my Fa - ther, And my soul can nev - er fear. *D.C.*

1. Mine the cross, and thine the glory,
Thou hast suffered once for me;
Let my life be calm or clouded,
I can trust it, Lord, to thee.
Let me feel the sweet assurance
Of thy presence always near,
Grant me only this, my Father,
And my soul can never fear.
2. All I am thy grace has made me,
All I am I owe to thee,
I can only thank and praise thee
For a love so pure and free.

- Self-denying, persevering,
Where thy blessed feet have led,
May I follow, daily growing
Up to thee, my living head.
3. Mine the cross, and thine the glory,
Thou hast borne it once for me;
Help me bear with Christian meekness
Every trial sent by thee.
On thy strength alone relying,
With thy lamp to cheer my way,
Leaning on the staff of mercy,
I will labour, trust, and pray.

NO. 101. MORE LIKE JESUS.

More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sa - viour dwell with me;

Fill my soul with peace and love Make me gen - tle as the dove;

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low,

Poor in spi - rit would I be, Let my Sa - viour dwell in me.

1. More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as the dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below,
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me;
2. If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call.

- He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.
3. More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
By the Spirit's grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

NO. 102. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;

- For now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me!

NO. 103. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time (C) signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour then in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

NO. 104. MY GOD! MY FATHER!

My God! my father! while I stray Far from my home in life's rough

way, Oh teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done! thy will be done.

1. My God! my father! while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2. If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize:—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what is thine,
"Thy will be done!"

3. Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
"My Father," still I'll strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

4. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whatever makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5. Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

NO. 105. MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

"My times are in thy hand," My God, I wish them there;

My life, my soul, my all I leave, En - tire - ly to thy care.

1. "My times are in thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all I leave,
Entirely to thy care.
2. "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be:
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
3. "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?

- My father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
4. "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified;
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.
5. "My times are in thy hand,"
I'll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand,
I shall for ever be.

NO. 106. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For

NO. 106—Continued.

thee all the plea-sures of sin I re-sign, My gra-cious Re-

deem-er, my Sa-viour art thou, If e-ver I lov'd thee, if

e-ver I lov'd thee, If e-ver I lov'd thee my Je-sus 'tis now.

1. My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign,
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
2. I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
4. In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in yon heaven of light,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

NO. 107. MY DAYS ARE GLIDING.

My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them

as they fly These hours of toil and danger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our

friends are passing o-ver, And, just before, the shin-ing shore We almost may dis-co-ver.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
These hours of toil and danger.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We almost may discover.

2. Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
With eye of faith we look afar,
Our happy Home discerning.
For now, &c.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

For now, &c.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest rise,
Each cord on earth to sever;
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There is our Home for ever.

For now, &c.

NO. 108. MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

My rest is in hea - ven, my rest is not here, Then why should I
 mur-mur when tri - als are near? Be hush'd, my sad spi - rit, the
 worst that can come But short-ens my jour-ney, and hast - ens me home.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
 Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
 But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
 I would not sit down upon roses below;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Until I shall find them in Jesus' kind breast.
4. Afflictions may damp me—they cannot destroy,
 One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
 And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
5. With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
 I am marching on to Immanuel's land;
 The way may be rough, but it cannot be long.
 So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

NO. 109. MY SAVIOUR DEAR.

My Sa-viour dear! my Sa-viour dear! I love to think of thee!

Fain would I sound, through all earth's bound, thy match-less love to me.

Thy life and death, while I have breath, my con-stant theme shall be;

And all my ways, through-out my days, Shall speak thy love to me.

1. My Saviour dear! my Saviour dear!

I love to think of thee!

Fain would I sound, through all earth's

Thy matchless love to me. [bound,

Thy life and death, while I have breath,

My constant theme shall be;

And all my ways, throughout my days,

Shall speak thy love to me.

2. My Saviour dear! my Saviour dear!

I long, I faint to see

Thy lovely face, in yon blest place

Thou hast prepared for me.

There, clothed in light, with angels

I'll worship and adore; [bright,

And love and praise—through endless

A trophy of this power. [days,

NO. 110. MY SHEPHERD.

My shep-herd is the liv-ing God, Sup - ply - ing ev - 'ry need,

He sets me 'mid the pas-tures green, A - long the qui - et mead.

He leads me where the wa-ters flow, The wa - ters soft and still,

And home-ward he will gent-ly guide My wand'-ring heart and will

1. My shepherd is the living God,
 Supplying ev'ry need;
 He sets me 'mid the pastures green,
 Along the quiet mead;
 He leads me where the waters flow
 The waters soft and still,
 And homeward he will gently guide
 My wand'ring heart and will.

2. I fear no ill, for thou, O Lord,
 With me for ever art;
 Thy shepherd's staff, thy guiding rod,
 Uphold my fainting heart.
 Thy loving mercy still doth wait,
 Through all my life, on me.
 And I within my Father's house,
 For long bright years shall be.

NO. 111. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment, and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; Ev'n tho' it be a cross
that rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

3. Here let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,—
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

5. And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

NO. 112. NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - furld,
And be the loud ho - san - nas Re - ech - oed through the world;
Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,
Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

1. Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the loud hosannas
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2. When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

Proclaims the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, king of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

NO. 111. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The vocal line is in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; Ev'n tho' it be a cross
that rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

3. Here let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,—
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

5. And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

NO. 112. NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - fur'l'd,

And be the loud ho - san - uas Re - ech - oed through the world;

Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,

Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

1. Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the loud hosannas
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

- Proclaims the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.
3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, king of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

NO. 113. NOW THAT MY JOURNEY.

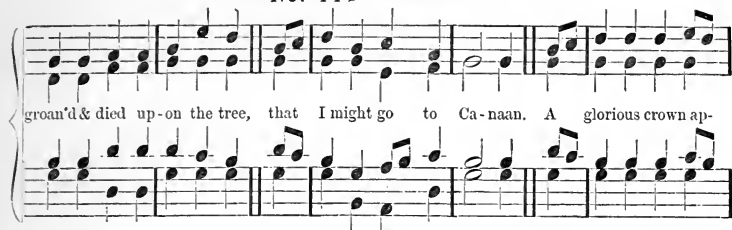
Now that my jour - ney's just be - gun, My
course so lit - tle trod, I'll stay, be - fore I
far - ther run, And give my - self to God.

1. Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I farther run,
And give myself to God.
2. What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
3. If I am rich, he'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand;

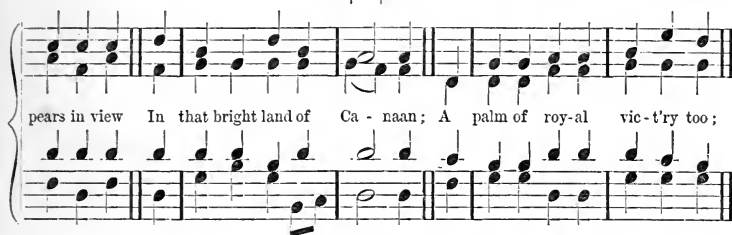
- And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.
4. If I am poor, he can supply
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.
5. And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

NO. 114. OH! WHAT HAS JESUS DONE?

Oh! what has Je - sus done for me? He came from the land of Ca - naan; He




groan'd & died up-on the tree, that I might go to Ca-naan. A glorious crown ap-



pear in view In that bright land of Ca - naan; A palm of roy-al vic-t'ry too;



Come let us go to Ca - naan. Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, The



glorious land of Ca-naan; Oh, Canaan is a happy place, Come let us go to Ca-naan.

1. Oh! what has Jesus done for me?
 He came from the land of Canaan;
 He groan'd and died upon the tree,
 That I might go to Canaan.
 A glorious crown appears in view
 In that bright land of Canaan;
 A palm of royal vict'ry too;
 Come let us go to Canaan.
 Canaan, bright Canaan,
 The glorious land of Canaan;
 Oh, Canaan is a happy place,
 Come let us go to Canaan.

2. When I shall join that blessed throng
 In the glorious land of Canaan,

I'll sing the great Redeemer's song
 With the happy saints of Canaan,
 There Jesus sits upon his throne,
 Exalted high in Canaan;
 Inviting all his children home,
 To dwell with him in Canaan.—Canaan, &c.

3. Come, sinner, turn and go with me,
 For Jesus waits in Canaan,
 With angels bright to welcome thee
 To all the joys of Canaan.
 Come freely to salvation's streams;
 They sweetly flow in Canaan;
 There everlasting glory beams
 Around his throne in Canaan.—Canaan &c.

NO. 115. ONWARD, STILL ONWARD.

On-ward still on-ward, the path-way is straight, Nar-row the way to the beau-ti-ful gate;

Cheer'd by thy fel-lows, or press-ing a-lone, Fal-ter not faint not, the goal is thine own.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Onward, still onward, the pathway is straight,
Narrow the way to the beautiful gate;
Cheer'd by thy fellows, or pressing alone,
Falter not, faint not, the goal is thine own.</p> | <p>2. Thorn-pierced and weary, no pause for a day,
Priceless the blood that is marking the way;
What tho' the voice of temptation should urge
Sunnier paths—thou wouldst find them diverge.</p> |
|---|---|

3. Know thou art nearing the river, perchance
Only the march of a day in advance!
Over the flood, lo! the shining ones wait,
With thee to enter the beautiful gate.

NO. 116. OH! COME LET US SING.

J. GALL.

Oh, come let us sing To the God of sal - va - tion, To

Je - sus our king, Who hath brought con - so - la - tion; Who in his own

bo - dy Hath o - pen'd a foun - tain To cleanse all our sins,

Though high as a moun - tain. Ha - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who hath

bought us a par - don We will praise him a - gain When we've pass'd o - ver Jor - dan.

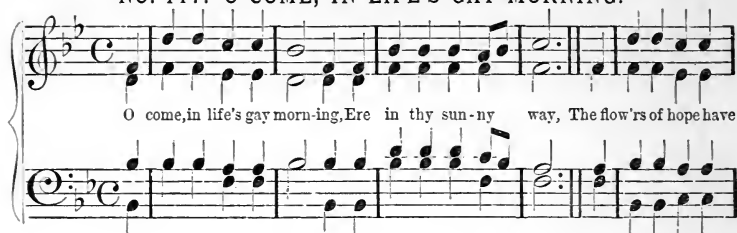
1. Oh, come let us sing
 To the God of salvation,
 To Jesus our king,
 Who hath brought consolation;
 Who in his own body
 Hath opened a fountain
 To cleanse all our sins,
 Though high as a mountain.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who hath bought us a pardon;
 We will praise him again
 When we've pass'd over Jordan.

2. Though our hearts are depraved,
 Though with sin we are burden'd,
 Our souls may be saved,
 And our sins may be pardon'd;


And Jesus, our Saviour,
 Hath promised to bless us,
 And free us for ever
 From those that oppress us.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. The hour may be nigh,
 When our bosoms, faint heaving,
 Shall breathe their last sigh
 In the peace of believing:
 And thou from our pillow
 All darkness dispelling,
 Wilt calm the rude billow
 Of Jordan's proud swelling.
Hallelujah, &c.

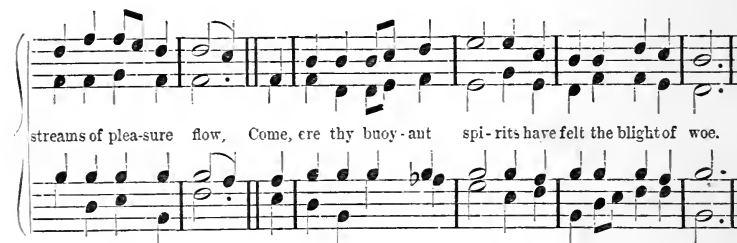
NO. 117. O COME, IN LIFE'S GAY MORNING.



O come, in life's gay morn-ing, Ere in thy sun-ny way, The flow'rs of hope have



wi-ther'd, And sor-row end thy day. Come, while from joys bright foun-tain The



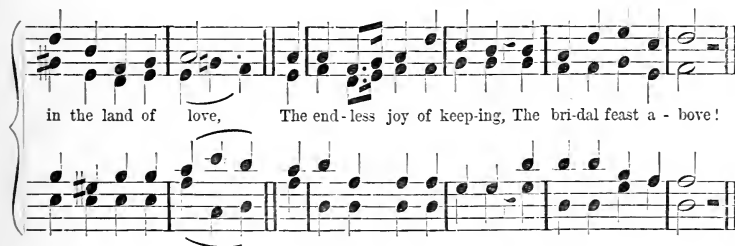
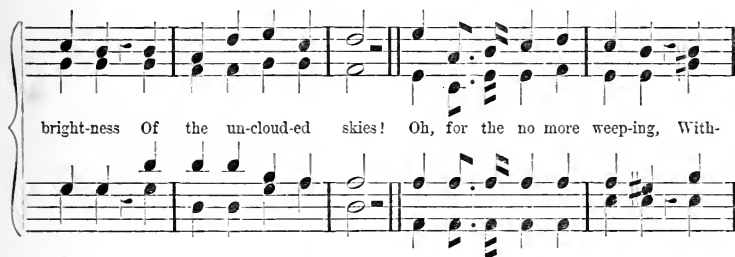
streams of plea-sure flow, Come, ere thy buoy-ant spi-rits have felt the blight of woe.

1. O come, in life's gay morning,
 Ere in thy sunny way
 The flowers of hope have withered,
 And sorrow end thy day.
 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
 The streams of pleasure flow,
 Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
 Have felt the blight of woe.

2. "Remember thy Creator"
 Now in thy youthful days,
 And he will guide thy footsteps
 Through life's uncertain maze.
 "Remember thy Creator,"
 He calls in tones of love,
 And offers deathless glories
 In brighter worlds above.

3. And in the hour of sadness,
 When earthly joys depart,
 His love shall be thy solace,
 And cheer thy drooping heart.
 And when life's storm is over,
 And thou from earth art free,
 Thy God will be thy portion
 Throughout eternity.

NO. 118. OH, FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS.



1. Oh, for the robes of whiteness!
 Oh, for the tearless eyes!
 Oh, for the glorious brightness
 Of the unclouded skies!
 Oh, for the no more weeping,
 Within the land of love,
 The endless joy of keeping
 The bridal feast above!

2. Oh, for the bliss of flying,
 My risen Lord to meet!
 Oh, for the rest of lying
 For ever at his feet!
 Oh, for the hour of seeing
 My Saviour face to face!
 The hope of ever being
 In that sweet meeting-place.

3. Jesus! thou king of glory,
 I soon shall dwell with thee,
 I soon shall sing the story
 Of thy great love to me.
 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
 E'en now before thy throne,
 That all my love may centre
 On thee, and thee alone.

NO. 119. O JESUS, MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

O Je - sus migh - ty Sa - viour, I trust in thy great name,

I look for thy sal - va - tion, Thy pro - mise now I claim; My

bo - dy, soul, and spi - rit, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted

off - ring Thine ev - er - more to be. A - men, A - men.

1. O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim;
My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering
Thine evermore to be!

2. Oh, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole;
I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

NO. 120. O JESUS, THOU THE BEAUTY ART.

O Je - sus, thou the beau-ty art Of an-gel worlds a - bove;

Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, In - flam - ing it with love.

O most dear Je - sus, hear the sighs, Which un - to thee we send;

To thee our in - most spi - rit cries, To thee our pray'rs as - cend.

1. O Jesus, thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.
O most dear Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

2. Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.
Jesus, our love and joy, to thee
The Father's holy Son
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run.

NO. 121. O PARADISE!

O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap-py land Where all in Christ are blest.

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand e-ver in the light,

All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho-ly sight.

1. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where all in Christ are blest.
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

2. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure as those
 Who stand on yonder shore.
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see,
 The special house my dearest Lord
 Is fitting up for me.
Where loyal hearts, &c.

4. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long.
 Patience, I almost think I hear
 Faint echoes of their song
Where loyal hearts, &c.

NO. 122. O SHALL I WEAR A STARLESS CROWN?

O shall I wear a starless crown In yon-der world of glo-ry,
Or will some lit-tle friend be found, To whom I've told the sto-ry.
The wond'-rous sto-ry of the cross, The suf-frings of the Sa-viour,
Who died that he from world-ly joys Might win us to his fa-vour.

1. Oh shall I wear a starless crown
In yonder world of glory,
Or will some little friend be found,
To whom I've told the story:
The wond'rous story of the cross,
The suffrings of the Saviour,
Who died that he from worldly joys
Might win us to his favour.
2. A youthful army now we stand
Our captain's word is given,
We'll onward move, his blest command
Will guide us on to heaven.

- When serried hosts shall gather round
The Lamb on Zion's mountain,
Oh, there may we in ranks be found,
Beside that healing fountain.
3. In love we now entreat you all
To join our noble army;
Though sorrow here may sometimes fall,
And skies look dark and stormy,
Beyond the dark, beyond the gloom,
A day of light is gleaming;
And glory, brighter than the sun,
On every face is beaming.

NO. 123. OH, LET OUR SABBATH.

Oh, let our Sab-bath even-ing song Like ho-ly in-cense rise;

And let the prai-ses of our tongue As - cend the lof - ty skies.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Oh, let our Sabbath evening song
Like holy incense rise;
And let the praises of our tongue
Ascend the lofty skies.</p> <p>2. Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still, to keep each want away,
Thy goodness was prepared.</p> | <p>3. Thy richest blessings from above
Encompass'd us around;
But yet how few returns of love
Hast thou, our Father, found!</p> <p>4. Oh, wash from sin our guilty heart,
When to the cross we flee;
And let thy Spirit grace impart,
That we may live to thee.</p> |
|--|---|

124. O YE WHO FEEL.

125. WE'RE TRAVELLING HOME.

O ye who feel each o - ther's woes! Who will go? Who will go! Go

tell poor sin - ners Je - sus rose, Who will go? Who will go? Go

preach the Sa - viour's bound - less grace, Go point out Christ, the

Hid - ing place, To ev - ery soul of A - dam's race. Who will go? Who will go?

124. FIRST HYMN.

- O ye who feel each other's woes!
Who will go?
Go tell poor sinners Jesus rose,
Who will go?
Go preach the Saviour's boundless grace,
Go point out Christ, the Hiding-place,
To every soul of Adam's race.
Who will go?
- Go forth to Afric's teeming land,—*Who, &c.*
'Midst China's myriads take your stand, *Who &c.*
Tell India's millions, "Jesus reigns,"
Let countless isles resound the strains,
From rocks and vales, or hills and plains. *Who &c.*
- Go seek the scatter'd tribes which roam, *Who &c.*
Oppress'd, despised, without a home,—*Who, &c.*
Tell the poor Jews Messiah's come,
And in that heart they pierced, there's room
For all who flee th' impending doom!—*Who, &c.*
- Proclaim Immanuel's power to save,—*Who, &c.*
From sin and Satan, and the grave,—*Who, &c.*
The silver trumpet sweetly blow,
The great salvation plainly show
To black and white, to friend and foe.—*Who, &c.*
- Lift up the Gospel standard high,—*Who, &c.*
Rise, Zion's watchman! rise and cry,—*Who, &c.*
"Behold! behold your Saviour King!"
His praise rehearse, his triumph sing,
Till earth with hallelujahs ring.—*Who, &c.*

125. SECOND HYMN.

- We're travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road,—
Will you go?
- We go to meet the bleeding Lamb,—*Will, &c.*
In joyful strains to praise his name,—*Will, &c.*
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share.—*Will, &c.*
- We go to join the heavenly choir,—*Will, &c.*
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—*Will, &c.*
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosannah to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.—*Will, &c.*
- Ye weary, heavy-laden come,—*Will, &c.*
In that blest home there still is room,—*Will, &c.*
The Lord is waiting to receive
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He will thy fainting soul relieve.—*Will, &c.*
- Oh sinner turn without delay,—*Will, &c.*
And seek to find the narrow way,—*Will, &c.*
The Saviour calls aloud to thee—
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.—*Will, &c.*

NO. 126. O HAPPY DAY.



O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Sa-viour and my God!

Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

Hap-py day! Hap-py day! When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way.

1. O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Happy, &c.*
3. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.—*Happy, &c.*
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possess'd.—*Happy, &c.*
5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.—*Happy, &c.*

127. ONE IS KIND.

128. JESUS LITTLE CHILDREN.

One is kind a-bove all o-thers, O, how he loves! His is love be-
 yond a bro-ther's, O, how he loves: Earth-ly friends may pain & grieve thee, One day kind, the
 next day leave thee, But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive thee, O, how he loves!

127. FIRST HYMN.

1. One is kind above all others,
 O, how he loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 O, how he loves!
 Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
 One day kind, the next day leave thee,
 But this friend will ne'er deceive thee,
 O, how he loves!
2. Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,—O, &c.
 Give thyself entirely to him,—O, how, &c.
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
 Unbelief or trials seize thee?
 Jesus can from all release thee,—O, how, &c.
3. He's thy friend! he died to save thee,—O, &c.
 All through life he will not leave thee,—O, &c.
 Think no more of friendships hollow,
 Take his easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,—O, how, &c.
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,—O, how, &c.
 Backward all thy foes be driven,—O, how, &c.
 Every blessing he'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee,—O, how, &c.

128. SECOND HYMN.

1. Jesus little children blesses,
 O, how he loves!
 Fondly he each lamb caresses,
 O, how he loves!
 Would you wish to go to heaven?
 Ask, and have your sins forgiven;
 None from him were ever driven,
 O, how he loves!
2. He will listen to your prayer,—O, how, &c.
 Although feeble, if sincere,—O, how, &c.
 He became a child, to sever
 You from sin and Satan ever;
 Those who come he'll cast out never,—O, &c.
3. Trust him—he will ne'er forget you,—O, &c.
 His almighty arm protects you,—O, how, &c.
 Truly he will ne'er forsake you,
 But to endless glory take you,
 Ever, ever happy make you,—O, how, &c.

129. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN.

130. HARK THE SWELLING.

Onward, Christian soldiers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go. Onward christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

129. FIRST HYMN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.—*Onward, &c.*
2. Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

130. SECOND HYMN.

1. Hark, the swelling breezes,
Rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict
From the holy war.
God is with our armies,
He the word has given;
He is watching o'er you,
Messengers of heaven.—*Hark, &c.*
2. Go, thou mighty Saviour,
Conquering on thy way;
Night, upon the mountains,
Changing into day;

NO. 129—Continued.

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.—*Onward, &c.*

3. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ the king,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—*Onward, &c.*

NO. 130—Continued.

Idols bow before thee,
Heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee
Victor over all.—*Hark, &c.*

3. O thou blessed Saviour,
Reigning now on high,
May thy faithful soldiers
Find thee ever nigh;
Bid their glorious mission
Spread from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation
Worship only thee.—*Hark, &c.*

NO. 131. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Fa-ther in hea-ven, We hal-low thy name, May

thy king-dom ho-ly On earth be the same; O give to us dai-ly Our

por-tion of bread; It is from thy boun-ty That all must be fed.

1. Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same;
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgression,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe.
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory,
For ever, Amen.

NO. 132. ONE BY ONE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves per system, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

One by one we cross the ri - ver, One by one we're pass-ing o'er;

One by one the crowns are giv - en, On the bright and hap-py shore.

Youth & childhood oft are pass-ing, O'er the dark and roll-ing tide, And the

bles - ed Ho - ly Spi - rit, Is the dy - ing Chris-tian's guide, And the

lov - ing gen - tle Spi - rit Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.

NO. 132—Continued.

One by one we cross the river,
 One by one we're passing o'er;
 One by one the crowns are given,
 On the bright and happy shore.
 Youth and childhood oft are passing
 O'er the dark and rolling tide,
 And the blessed, holy Spirit,
 Is the dying Christian's guide,
 And the loving gentle Spirit
 Bears them o'er the rolling tide.
 One by one we come to Jesus,
 As we hear his gentle voice;
 One by one his vineyard enter,
 There to labour and rejoice.
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gather,

In the glorious work of love,—
 Garlands for the blessed Saviour,
 Gather for the realms above.
 And the loving, gentle Spirit
 Bears them to our home of love.

3. One by one the heavy laden,
 Sink beneath the noontide sun;
 And the aged pilgrim welcomes
 Evening shadows as they come.
 One by one with sins forgiven,
 May we stand upon the shore,
 Waiting till the blessed Spirit
 Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
 And the loving, gentle Spirit
 Leads us to the shining shore.

NO. 133. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily carried by the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

One there is a - bove all o - thers, Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love be - yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end!
 They who once his kind - ness prove, Find it e - ver - last - ing love.

One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end!
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
 Which of all our friends to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood;
 But our Jesus died to have us

Reconciled in him to God;
 This was boundless love indeed,
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3. O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

NO. 134. OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der last fare-well,

A guide, a com-for-ter, be-queath'd, With us to dwell.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.</p> <p>2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.</p> | <p>3. And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [each fe
That checks each thought, that cal
And speaks of heaven.</p> <p>4. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place
And worthier thee.</p> |
|--|---|

NO. 135. OUT ON AN OCEAN.

Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride ; We're home-ward bound

home-ward bound. Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide ;

NO. 135—Continued.

The musical score is written on five systems of staves. Each system consists of a vocal line (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass parts) and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: "We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound. Far from the safe qui-et har-bour we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce-les-tial a-bode; Pro-mise of which on us each he be-stow'd; We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound!"

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride;—We're homeward bound.
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide;—We're homeward bound.
Far from the safe quiet harbour we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode;
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd;—We're homeward bound!
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;—*We're, &c.*
See yonder dawns the celestial shores.—*We're, &c.*
Come, trembling sinners, forlorn and oppressed,
Come to the Saviour, oh come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,—*We're, &c.*
3. Down the horizon the earth disappears,—*We're, &c.*
Joyful, oh brethren, no sighing or fears,—*We're, &c.*
Listen what music comes soft o'er the sea—
"Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are ye!"
Can it the greeting of paradise be?—*We're, &c.*
4. Into the harbour of heaven we glide;—We're home at last!
Softly we rest on its bright silver tide;—We're home at last!
Glory to Jesus, our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore!—We're home at last.

NO. 136. O JESUS, KING MOST WONDERFUL.

O Je - sus, king most won - der - ful, Thou con - quer - or re - nown'd,
Thou sweet-ness, most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!

1. O Jesus, king most wonderful,
Thou conqueror renown'd,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2. When once thou visitest the heart
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3. O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire;

4. Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

NO. 137. ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

On - ly just a - cross the ri - ver, O - ver on the oth - er side, Where the
an - gels are in wait - ing, And the pure in heart a - bide; Where there



is no pain or sor-row To in-trude on heav'nly rest, On-ly just a-cross the ri-ver,



Stand the mansions of the blest. On-ly just a-cross the ri-ver, Where the saints are



pass-ing o-ver, On-ly just a-cross the ri-ver, O-ver on the o-ther side.

1. Only just across the river,
Over on the other side,
Where the angels are in waiting,
And the pure in heart abide;
Where there is no pain or sorrow
To intrude on heavenly rest,
Only just across the river,
Stand the mansions of the blest.
Only just across the river,
Where the saints are passing over,
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side.

2. Only just across the river
Are the friends we loved below,
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
That are whiter than the snow;
They have braved cold Jordan's billows,
And have pass'd thro' death's alarms,
They are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms. *Only, &c.*

3. Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates unfolding,
Lead the soul to joys divine.
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side. —*Only, &c.*

4. Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright,
And the saints and angels joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord. *Only, &c.*

NO. 138. OH, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS.

Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove.

And from that flow - ing foun - tain, Drink e - ver - last - ing love.

When shall I be de - li - vered From this vain world of sin,

And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less plea - sures in.

1. Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love.
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in.

2. But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before;
I'll fight beneath his banner,
Till life's great strife is o'er.
And if I prove but faithful,
A glorious crown he'll give,
And with his faithful soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

NO. 139. ONWARD FOR THE GLORIOUS PRIZE.

Onward for the glorious prize Onward yet! Onward yet! Strait but clear be-

fore thine eyes, See thy homeward pathway lies: Rest is not be-neath the skies, Onward

yet! Onward yet! Rest is not be-neath the skies, On-ward, on-ward yet.

1. Onward for the glorious prize,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Strait, but clear before thine eyes,
See thy homeward pathway lies:
Rest is not beneath the skies,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Rest is not beneath the skies,
Onward, onward yet.
2. Linger not through coward fear,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Though thy way be dark and drear,
Is not Jesus ever near—
Still to bless, to guide and cheer?
Onward yet! onward yet!
Still to bless, to guide and cheer,
Onward, onward yet.

3. In the way thy Saviour trod,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Gladly bearing every load,
Meekly bending to the rod,
Walking humbly with thy God,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Walking humbly with thy God,
Onward, onward yet.
4. Rest not here, but onward haste,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Till each danger shall be past,
Every foe beneath thee cast,
Till thou gain thy home at last,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Till thou gain thy home at last,
Onward, onward yet.

NO. 140. PASS AWAY, EARTHLY JOY.

Pass a-way, earth-ly joy,— Je - sus is mine; Break ev'-ry

mor-tal tie,— Je - sus is mine; Dark is the wil-der-ness,

Dis - tant the rest-ing-place; Je - sus a - lone can bless!— Je - sus is mine.

1. Pass away, earthly joy,—Jesus is mine ;
Break every mortal tie,—Jesus is mine ;
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the resting-place ;
Jesus alone can bless!—Jesus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul away,—Jesus is mine ;
Here would I ever stay,—Jesus is mine ;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,—Jesus is mine.
3. Fare-ye-well, dreams of night,—Jesus is mine ;
Mine is a dawning bright,—Jesus is mine ;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,—Jesus is mine.
4. Farewell, mortality,—Jesus is mine ;
Welcome, eternity,—Jesus is mine ;
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast,—Jesus is mine.

NO. 141. PRAISE, O PRAISE.

By Permission from
"Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

Praise, O praise our God and king! Hymns of

a - dor - a - tion sing; For his mer - cies

still en - dure, E - ver faith - ful, e - ver sure.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Praise, O praise our God and king!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>2. Praise Him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:</p> <p>3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>4. Praise Him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;</p> | <p>5. And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>6. Praise Him for our Harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;</p> <p>7. And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>8. Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.</p> |
|---|--|

NO. 142. RIVER OF DEATH.

Ri-ver of death thy stream I see, Between the bright ci-ty of rest & me;

Fear-less thy sa-ble surge I'll brave For sweet is the pros-pect be-yond thy wave.

Waft me, oh, waft me safe-ly o'er, And land me, dear Sa-viour, on Canaan's shore.

1. River of death, thy stream I see,
Between the bright city of rest and me;
Fearless thy sable surge I'll brave.
For sweet is the prospect beyond thy wave.
Waft me, oh, waft me safely o'er,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.
2. Why should I fear to stem thy tide,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide:
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.
Waft me, &c.
3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam.
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.
4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.

NO. 143. RAISE ON HIGH.

Raise on high the loud ho - san - na, Let the hymn of
 praise be sung, Un - to him who ev - 'ry bless - ing On our path hath
 rich - ly flung; Who hath led us Pas - tures green and fair a - mong.

1. Raise on high the loud hosanna,
 Let the hymn of praise be sung,
 Unto him who every blessing
 On our path hath richly flung;
 Who hath led us
 Pastures green and fair among.
2. Heavenly Father, we adore thee
 For thy wondrous love and grace;
 Early taught to come before thee,
 Here we seek thy smiling face.
 Be thou with us
 Now within this sacred place.
3. Won by sweetest invitation,
 Children once to Jesus came—
 We, to taste of His salvation,
 Now approach in his dear name.
 O receive us
 For his sake who bore our shame.
4. We would bring our offerings lowly,
 Hearts and lives all to be thine,
 Father, make us pure and holy,
 Sanctified by grace divine;
 Let thy image
 In our lives and actions shine.
5. Let thy spirit ever guide us
 Through life's dark, uncertain way;
 From the world's temptations hide us,
 Let no foes or fears dismay.
 In all trial
 Be thine arm our constant stay.
6. When life's scenes are past for ever,
 And earth's fairest hopes have flown,
 May we rest where death comes never,
 Where no sin or pain is known;
 Then thy praises
 Sing in sweeter, purer tone.

NO. 144. RETURN, O WANDERER.

Re - turn, O wan-d'r'er, to thy home, Thy

Fa - ther calls for thee; No lon - ger now an ex - ile

roam In sin and mi - se - ry: Re - turn, Re - turn.

1. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In sin and misery:—*Return, return.*
2. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
O, then, for refuge flee:—*Return, return.*
3. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There is no pardon in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:—*Return, return.*

NO. 145. RAISE ME HIGHER.

By Permission of the
Translator, M.C.W.

Raise me high-er, raise me high-er, Out of sin's dark gloom-y sea ;

To the Sa-viour bring me nigh-er, Who was cru-ci-fied for me.

Come, ye an-gels, spread your bright wings, Bear me to Gol-go-tha's height ;

Man's re-demp-tion there was fin-ish'd, Let me see the wond-rous sight.

1. Raise me higher, raise me higher,
Out of sin's dark gloomy sea ;
To the Saviour bring me nigher,
Who was crucified for me.
Come, ye angels, spread your bright wings,
Bear me to Golgotha's height ;
Man's redemption there was finish'd,
Let me see the wondrous sight.
2. Raise me higher, raise me higher,
From the fires of pain and woe ;
Ever nigher, ever nigher,
Sorrow's flames around me glow,

- Come, ye angels, spread your bright wings,
Bear me up to Tabor's height,
Let me see the Saviour's glory,
Grief shall vanish at the sight.
3. Raise me higher, raise me higher,
From this vain world's empty glare ;
To Mount Zion bring me nigher,
To the light and glory there.
Come, ye angels, spread your bright wings,
Bear me to the land of rest,
Open wide the pearly portals,
Bear me to my Saviour's breast !

NO. 146. ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

1. Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know—
Could my tears no ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyelids close in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See thee on thy judgment throne:
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

NO. 147. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.



Sa-viour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy ten-der care;



In thy plea-sant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare.



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are;



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2. We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

NO. 148. SEE THE KIND SHEPHERD.

See the kind shep - herd, Je - sus, stands, With
all en - gag - ing charms; Hark, how he calls the
ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

1. See the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4. The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

NO. 149. SOON THIS MORTAL LIFE.

Soon this mor - tal life is fled, Soon the death-shades o'er us spread ;

When is fin - ish'd thy ca - reer, Sin - ner where wilt thou ap - pear?

When the world has pass'd a - way, When draws near the Judg - ment day,

When the aw - ful trump shall sound, Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

1. Soon this mortal life is fled,
 Soon the death-shades o'er us spread ;
 When is finish'd thy career,
 Sinner where wilt thou appear ?
 When the world has pass'd away,
 When draws near the Judgment day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

2. When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might ;
 When the wicked quail with fear.
 Where, oh, where wilt thou appear ?
 While the Holy Ghost is nigh
 Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
 Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
 Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

NO. 150. SEE IN YONDER MANGER.

See in yon - der man - ger low, Born for us on earth be - low,

See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Pro - mised from e - ter - nal years.

Hail thou e - ver bless - ed morn, Hail re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

1. See, in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail thou ever blessed morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2. Lo, within a manger lies,
He who built the starry skies,
He who throned in might sublime,
Sat between the cherubim.—*Hail, &c.*

3. "Say ye happy shepherds say,
What your joyful news to-day,
Wherefore have ye left your sheep,
On the lonely mountain steep?"—*Hail, &c.*

4. "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous sight,
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."—*Hail, &c.*

5. Sacred infant! all divine!
What a tender love was thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—*Hail, &c.*

NO. 151. SHALL HYMNS OF GRATEFUL LOVE.

Shall hymns of grate-ful love Through heav'n's high ar - ches ring, And

all the hosts a - bove Their songs of tri-umph sing; And shall not we take

up the strain, And send the ec - ho back a - gain? And send the ec - ho, send the ec - ho,

Send the ec - ho, send the ec - ho, Send the ec - ho, send the ec - ho back a - gain.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?
2. Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace?
And shall, &c.
3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God?
And shall, &c.
4. Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name,
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

NO. 152. SHALL JESUS SUFFER?

Shall Je - sus suf - fer death for me, That I might ne - ver die,

And I not long his face to see, Nor to his bo - som fly?

I'll go to him, I'll go to him, I'll go with - out de - lay;

I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him, To bright and end - less day.

1. Shall Jesus suffer death for me,
That I might never die,
And I not long his face to see,
Nor to his bosom fly?
I'll go to him, I'll go to him,
I'll go without delay;
I'll follow him, I'll follow him,
To bright and endless day.

2. Shall Jesus call and wait for me,
His arms extended wide,

- And I refuse his child to be,
And in his bosom hide?—*I'll go, &c.*
3. Shall Jesus open wide the gate,
And bid me enter in,
And I despise his love so great,
And perish in my sin?—*I'll go, &c.*
4. No: to my Lord I'll go to-day,
Take refuge in his love;
I'll cling to him while here I stay,
Then find a home above.—*I'll go, &c.*

NO. 153. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

Shall we ga-ther at the riv-er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 With its crys-tal tide for ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 Yes, we'll ga-ther at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er.
 Ga-ther with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God.

1. Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide for ever,
 Flowing by the throne of God?
 Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,

We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.—Yes, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we ev'ry burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown. Yes, &c.

4. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—Yes, &c.

NO. 154. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

Shall we meet be-yond the ri-ver, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where in

all the bright for e-ver, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet?

Shall we meet be-yond the ri-ver, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

1. Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—*Shall, &c.*
3. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Who was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?—*Shall, &c.*
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we have his blessed favour,
And sit with him on his throne?—*Shall, &c.*

155. SONGS OF PRAISE.

156. WINTER'S DAYS.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu jahs rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu jahs rang.

155. FIRST HYMN.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs, &c.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
Songs of, &c.
3. Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'n and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Heav'n, &c.
4. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Saints, &c.

156. SECOND HYMN.

1. Winter's days of gloom are past,
Happier hours are come at last:
Flowers and blossoms brightly spring,
Birds amid the branches sing.
Winter's, &c.
2. Oh! how great the love and power
Which protecteth bird and flower!
At the time appointed, still
Bidding each its station fill.
Oh, &c.
3. As with melody and song,
Joyously we pass along,
Let our hearts with rapture swell
All our Father's love to tell.
As, &c.
4. Thorns may sometimes strew the road,
But it leadeth on to God;
Let us go, a pilgrim band,
To that bright and happy land.
Thorns, &c.

NO. 157. SINNER COME.

Musical score for 'Sinner Come'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Sin - ner, come, while there's room, While the feast is wait - ing; While the Lord, by his word, Kind - ly is in - vit - ing.'

1. Sinner, come, while there's room,
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.
2. Sinner, come, lo, the tomb
Opens wide before thee!
See death stand, lift his hand,
Waiting to destroy thee.
3. Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing;

- Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offer'd blessing.
4. Sinner, come, see thy home
High in heaven gleaming,
Jesus calls, lift thine eye,
With true sorrow streaming.
5. Sinner, come, ere thy doom
Shall be seal'd for ever:
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

NO. 158. SOON WILL SET.

Musical score for 'Soon Will Set'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Soon will set the Sab-bath sun, Soon the sa - cred day be done; But an end-less rest re - mains, Where the glo - rious Sa-viour reigns.'

NO. 158—Continued.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be done;
But an endless rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.</p> <p>2. Sweet our evening praises rise
To our Maker in the skies;
But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel spirits are.</p> | <p>3. Happy they on earth who read
Of a Saviour crucified;
Happier they who see him now,
And before his glory bow.</p> <p>4. Who that endless rest shall gain,
Who shall sing that glorious strain?
They who here the Saviour own,
They shall worship round his throne.</p> |
|--|---|

NO. 159. SUN OF MY SOUL.

Sun of my soul, thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes!

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
2. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
3. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
3. Come near and bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

NO. 160. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high the

Gos-pel ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His

ar my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe be vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the gospel banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry, unto vict'ry,
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe be vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail us;
We dare not trust our own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

NO. 161. SWEETLY THE SABBATH BELL.

Sweet-ly the Sab-bath bell steals on the ear, That in the house of pray'r

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

bids us ap-pear, Chil-dren of God, it seems soft-ly to say, Haste to your Father's house,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

hast - en to pray! Haste to your Fa - ther's house, hast - en to pray!

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the first part of the song. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Sweetly the Sabbath bell steals on the ear,
That in the house of prayer bids us appear,
"Children of God," it seems softly to say,
"Haste to your Father's house, hasten to pray!"
2. Sadly the funeral knell strikes on the heart,
When from their earthly home kind friends depart,
How like a warning voice sent from on high—
Bidding gay mortals think they, too, must die!
3. Oft as the Sabbath chimes summon to pray,
May we their holy call gladly obey;
That when the last sad knell for us shall sound,
Ready our Judge to meet we may be found.

NO. 162. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - ma - nuel's veins;

And sin-ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

- Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

NO. 163. THE BIBLE.

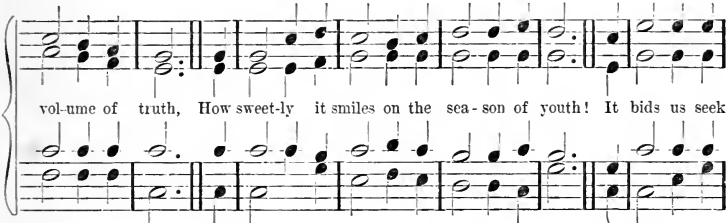
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre-cious than gold, The hopes and the

glo-ries its pa-ges un - fold; It speaks of a Sa-viour and tells of his

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.



love; It shows us the way to the man - sions a - bove. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! blest



vol-ume of truth, How sweet-ly it smiles on the sea-son of youth! It bids us seek



ear-ly the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is en-slav'd in the bound - age of vice.

1. The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.
2. The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

NO. 164. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

The Lord is my Shep-herd, how hap-py am I, How

ten-der and watch-ful my wants to sup- ply: He dai-ly pro- vides me with

rai-ment and food; What - e'er he de - nies me is meant for my good.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I,
How tender and watchful my wants to supply;
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandments, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue.
3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and am blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
For "I will be with thee," my Shepherd hath said.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
Till call'd to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him with angels on bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

The sands of time are sink-ing; The dawn of hea-ven breaks; The
summer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair sweet morn a-wakes: Dark dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Imman-uel's land.

(Second Hymn.)

165. FIRST HYMN.

1. The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
2. Oh, Christ he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
3. Oh, I am my beloved's,
And my beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon his merit;
I know no safer stand;
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

166. SECOND HYMN.

1. Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, O, my Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy colour,
Or blush to follow thee.
2. Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.
3. Ashamed to be a Christian!
My guilty fear depart;
I will not heed the tempter
That whispers to my heart.
Dear Saviour, though unworthy,
Yet this my only plea,
Thy all-atoning merit,
For thou hast died for me.

NO. 167. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD.

There is a better world they say, Oh so bright oh so bright Where sin & woe are

done a-way. Oh, so bright ! Oh, so bright ! And mu-sic fills the balm-y air, And

an-gels bright & pure are there, And harps of gold & man-sions fair, Oh, so bright ! Oh, so bright !

1. There is a better world, they say,—
 Oh, so bright !
 Where sin and woe are done away,
 Oh, so bright !
 And music fills the balmy air,
 And angels bright and pure are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,
 Oh, so bright ! Oh, so bright !

2. No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land !
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
 Happy land !
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place.
 Happy land ! Happy land !

3. Though we are sinners every one,
 Jesus died !
 And though our crown of peace is gone,
 Jesus died !
 We may be cleansed from every stain,
 We may be crown'd with peace again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign.
 Jesus died ! Jesus died !

NO. 168. THERE IS A HOME.

There is a home where all is bright, Far a - way, far a - way;

There is no dark and storm-y night, Far a - way, far a - way:

For Je - sus said, I will pre - pare The child of God a man - sion

fair; Oh, may I have a dwell - ing there, Far a - way, far a - way.

1. There is a home where all is bright,
 Far away, far away;
 There is no dark and stormy night,
 Far away, far away;
 For Jesus said, I will prepare
 The child of God a mansion fair;
 Oh, may I have a dwelling there,
 Far away, far away.

2. Then let the storm be wild and long,
 Jesus loves; Jesus loves;
 And this shall be my daily song,
 Jesus loves; Jesus loves;

He loves, he loves; I know, I feel,
 Young as I am, he loves me still;
 Oh, may I do his blessed will;
 Jesus loves; Jesus loves.

3. And then at home I soon shall be,
 Far away, far away;
 From care and pain shall soon be free,
 Far away, far away;
 For tears of grief are never known
 In that bright world I call my own;
 And swiftly I am passing on,
 Far away, far away.

NO. 169. THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,

A friend that ne - ver chan - ges, Whose love will ne - ver die.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

1. There's a friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die.

2. There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to His Father cry.

3. There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.

4. There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.

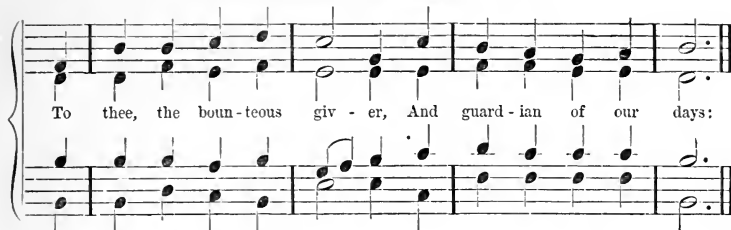
5. A crown of brightest glory,
Which he shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with him below.

NO. 170. TO THEE, O GOD, WE OFFER.

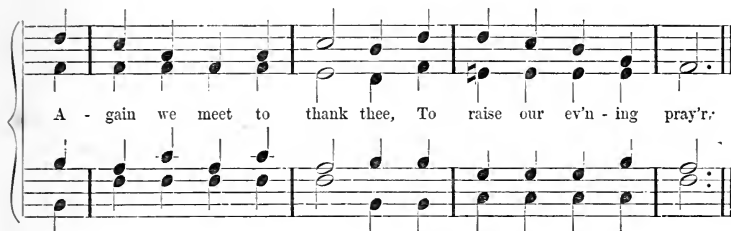
To thee, O God, we of - fer Our joy - ful songs of praise;

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

NO. 170— *Continued.*



To thee, the boun-teous giv - er, And guard - ian of our days:



A - gain we meet to thank thee, To raise our ev'n - ing pray'r:



Our hearts are fill'd with glad - ness For thy most ten - der care.

1. To thee, O God, we offer
 Our joyful songs of praise;
 To thee, the bounteous giver,
 And guardian of our days:
 Again we meet to thank thee,
 To raise our ev'ning pray'r;
 Our hearts are fill'd with gladness
 For thy most tender care.
2. Guard thou the young, we pray thee,
 From sin and error's ways;
 Show them the path of duty,
 And guide through future days;
 May youth and age so serve thee,
 Thou God of watchful love;
 That they, when life is ended,
 May dwell with thee above.

NO. 171. THEY ARE BLESS'D.

They are bless'd, & bless'd for e-ver, Who in child-hood's ear-ly day

Seek the care of Him, who ne-ver Turns the seek-ing soul a-way.

I love Je-sus, I love Je-sus, I love Je-sus, yes I do! I do!

I love Je-sus, he's my Sa-viour, Je-sus smiles, and loves me too.

1. They are bless'd, and bless'd for ever,
Who in childhood's early day
Seek the care of Him, who never
Turns the seeking soul away.
I love Jesus, &c.

2. They, the world's temptations scorning,
Follow after Christ the Lord,
Who, in youth's delightful morning,
Yield themselves unto the Lord.
I love Jesus, &c.

3. He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,
Will with eyes of love behold,
And regard with kindest favour,
Every lamb within his fold.
I love Jesus, &c.

4. He will in his bosom cherish
Those who follow his commands;
They shall never, never perish,
None shall pluck them from his hands.
I love Jesus, &c.

NO. 172. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

There is a hap-py land, Far, far, a - way, Where saints in

glo-ry stand, Bright bright, as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our

Sa - viour king: Loud let his prais-es ring— Praise, praise for aye.

1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing.
Worthy is our Saviour king;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to this happy land,
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee?
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

NO. 173. THERE IS A LAND.

There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor-tal reign,

The first system of the musical score for 'There is a Land'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

Come, chil-dren march to Em-man-uel's ground, For soon we'll hear the trumpet's

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

sound; And then we shall with Je-sus reign, And ne-ver, ne-ver

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

part a - gain. What! ne - ver part a - gain? No, ne - ver part a - gain,

What! ne - ver part a - gain? No, ne - ver part a - gain.

And then we shall with Je - sus reign, And ne - ver, ne - ver part a - gain.

1. There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
Come, children, march to Emmanuel's ground,
For soon we'll hear the trumpet's sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That happy land from ours.—*Come, &c.*
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.—*Come, &c.*
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.—*Come, &c.*

NO. 174. THINE FOR EVER!

Thine for ev - er! God of love Hear us from thy throne a - bove;

Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

The musical score for 'Thine for Ever!' is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first system covers the first line of the verse, and the second system covers the second line.

1. Thine for ever! God of love
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
2. Thine for ever! Lord of life
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
3. Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;

- Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.
4. Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
5. Thine for ever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

NO. 175. 'T WAS JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

'Twas Je - sus, my Sa - viour, who died on the tree, To

o - pen a foun - tain for sin - ners like me; His blood is the

The musical score for 'Twas Jesus, My Saviour' is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first system covers the first line of the verse, and the second system covers the second line.

NO. 175—Continued.

foun-tain that par-don be-stows, And clean-ses the foul-est where-
 ev-er it flows. For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev'-ry
 chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain.

1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree,
 To open a fountain for sinners like me;
 His blood is the fountain that pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
 For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
 And give us the vict'ry again and again.
2. And when I was willing with all things to part,
 He gave me his bounty, his love in my heart;
 So now I am joined with the conquering band,
 Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.—*For, &c.*
3. Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
 And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
 In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
 My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.—*For, &c.*
4. And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
 And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
 Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
 I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.—*For, &c.*

NO. 176. THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system begins with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a final double bar line.

There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this
 mo - ment for thee, Then look sin - ner look un - to him and be sav'd, Un - to
 him who was nail'd to the tree. Look! look! look and live! There is
 life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this moment for thee.

1. There is life for a look at the crucified one,
 There is life at this moment for thee,
 Then look, sinner, look unto him and be sav'd,
 Unto him who was nail'd to the tree.
 Look! look! look and live!
 There is life for a look at the crucified one,
 There is life at this moment for thee.

2. Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid? [blood,
 Oh why, from his side, flowed the sin cleansing
 If his dying thy debt has not paid?—Look, &c.

3. It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
 But the blood that atones for thy soul.
 On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.—Look, &c.

4. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
 The life everlasting he gives,
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.—Look, &c.

NO. 177. TO US A CHILD OF HOPE IS BORN.

To us a Child of hope is born: To us a Son is giv'n;

The first system of the musical score is for the first line of the hymn. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

The second system of the musical score is for the second line of the hymn. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

The third system of the musical score is for the third line of the hymn. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. To us a Child of hope is born:
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
3. His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

NO. 178. THOUGH OFTEN HERE WE'RE WEARY.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves. The lyrics are: 'Though of-ten here we're weary, There is sweet rest a - bove, A rest that is e - ter-nal Where all is peace and love. Oh, let us then press forward That glorious rest to gain; We'll soon be free from sor-row From toil, & care, & pain. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest there is sweet rest There is sweet rest in heav'n.'

Though of-ten here we're weary, There is sweet rest a - bove, A rest that is e -
 ter-nal Where all is peace and love. Oh, let us then press forward That glorious rest to
 gain; We'll soon be free from sor-row From toil, & care, & pain. There is sweet rest in heav'n,
 There is sweet rest there is sweet rest There is sweet rest in heav'n.

1. Though often here we're weary,
 There is sweet rest above,
 A rest that is eternal,
 Where all is peace and love.
 Oh, let us then press forward,
 That glorious rest to gain;
 We'll soon be free from sorrow,
 From toil, and care, and pain.
 There is sweet rest in heaven.

2. Our Saviour will be with us,
 Even to our journey's end;
 In every sore affliction
 His present help to lend.

He never will grow weary,
 Though often we request
 He'll give us grace to conquer,
 And take us home to rest.
 There is sweet rest in heaven.

3. All glory to the Father,
 Who gives us every good;
 All glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with his blood.
 And glory to the Spirit,
 Who keeps us to the end,
 To the Triune God be glory,
 The sinner's only friend.
 There is sweet rest in heaven.

NO. 179. WE SING OF THE REALMS.

We sing of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair;

And oft are its glo-ries con-fess'd; But what will it be to be there!

There! there! there! Oh! what will it be to be there!

1. We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what will it be to be there!
There! there! there!
Oh! what will it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!—*There, &c.*
3. We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!—*There, &c.*
4. Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.—*There, &c.*

NO. 180. WE BRING NO GLITTERING TREASURES.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We bring no glit - 'ring trea-sures, No gems from earth's deep mine;

We come with sim - ple mea - sures, To chant God's love di - vine,

Chil - dren his fa - vours shar - ing, Their voice of thanks would raise:

Fa - ther, ac - cept our off - 'ring, Our song of grate - ful praise!

1. We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant God's love divine,
Children his favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise:
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise!
2. The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:

- We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
3. Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
Oh! hear us while we pray,
That each thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise thy name.

NO. 181. WHO IS HE ?

Who is he in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord, O wond-rous sto-ry, 'Tis the Lord, the king of glo-ry,

At his feet we hum-bly fall, Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

1. Who is he in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall,
'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'Tis the Lord, the king of glory,
At his feet we humbly fall,
Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

2. Who is he in yonder cot.
Bending to his toilsome lot?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

3. Who is he in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

4. Who is he who stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

5. Lo! at midnight, who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

6. Who is he in Calv'ry's throes
Asks for blessings on his foes?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

7. Who is he that, from the grave,
Comes to heal, and help, and save?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

8. Who is he that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

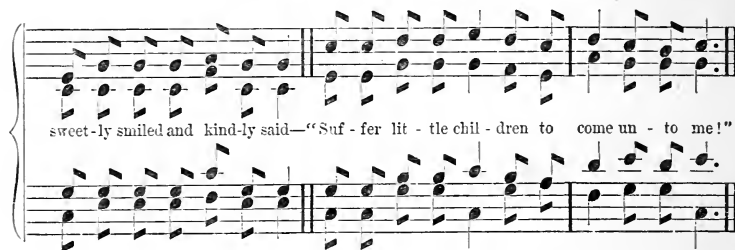
NO. 182. WHEN MOTHERS OF SALEM.



When mo - thers of Sa - lem their children brought to Je - sus, The stern dis -



ci - ples drove them back, & bade them de - part; But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, &



sweet - ly smiled and kind - ly said—"Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me!"

1. When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
"Suffer little children to come unto me!"
2. For I will receive them, and fold them in my bosom:
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh! drive them not away,
For if their hearts to me they give, they shall with me in glory live;
"Suffer little children to come unto me!"
3. How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome,
But there are many thousands who have never heard his name;
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer little children to come unto me!"
4. Oh! soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil thy blessed Word, and cast their idols all away!
Oh! shine upon them from above, and show thyself a God of love,
Teach the little children to come unto thee!

NO. 183. WHEN SORE AFFLICTIONS.

When sore af-flic-tions crush the soul, And riv'n is ev - 'ry earth-ly

tie, The heart must cling to God a - lone— He wipes the tear from ev-'ry eye.

Thro' wakeful nights when rack'd with pain, On bed of lan-guish-ing you lie,

Re-mem-ber still that God is near; He wipes the tear from ev-'ry eye.

1. When sore afflictions crush the soul,
And riv'n is every earthly tie,
The heart must cling to God alone—
He wipes the tear from every eye.
Through wakeful nights, when, rack'd
with pain,
On bed of languishing you lie,
Remember still that God is near;
He wipes the tear from every eye.

2. A few short years, and all is o'er;
Your sorrow, pain, will soon pass by;
Then lean in faith on God's dear Son;
He wipes the tear from every eye.
Oh! never be your soul cast down,
Nor let your heart desponding sigh;
Assured that God, whose name is Love,
Will wipe the tear from every eye.

NO. 184. WHEN THE SABBATH BELL IS RINGING.

When the Sabbath bell is ring-ing, Let us come with-out de-lay; And u-
 nite with thou-sand sing-ing In their Sunday schools to-day. Hail, hail, this hap-py day,
 Hail, hail, this hap-py day, Hail this day, Hail this day, Hail this hap-py day.

1. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
 Let us come without delay;
 And unite with thousands singing,
 In their Sunday schools to-day.
 Hail, hail, this happy day.
2. These are happy hours of meeting,
 When we hear the voice of prayer;
 But these hours are short and fleeting:
 Let us then be earnest there.
Hail, &c.
3. Here the blessed gospel shows us,
 All its precious stores of truth;
 And the Holy Spirit woos us
 From transgression in our youth.
Hail, &c.
4. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
 Let us to the school repair,
 That we may unite in singing,
 And together join in prayer.
Hail, &c.

NO. 185. WHEN THIS PASSING WORLD.

When this pass-ing world is done, When has sunk yon glo - rious sun,

When we stand with Christ a - bove, Ran-somed by re - deem - ing love;

Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know— Not till then— how much I owe.

1. When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glorious sun,
When we stand with Christ above,
Ransom'd by redeeming love;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
2. When I stand before the throne
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinching heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
3. Ev'n on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make thy Spirit's help so meet:
Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.
4. Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified:
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

NO. 186. WE ARE WAITING BY THE RIVER.

We are wait-ing by the riv-er, We are watch-ing on the shore,
 On-ly wait-ing for the an-gel, Till he come to bear us o'er.

1. We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the angel,
Till he come to bear us o'er.
2. There is darkness o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet the music of the angels
Cheers us from the other shore.
3. And the city, bright with glory,
How its splendour charms the eye!
Though we view it from a distance,
We shall reach it by-and-by.

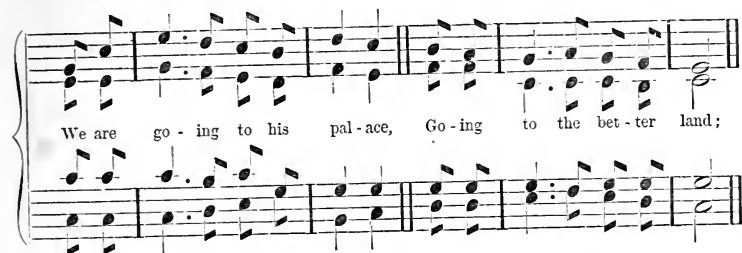
4. He has taken many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we cross the rolling tide.
5. Through the lonely vale of shadows,
When in triumph we have passed,
In the happy land of promise,
We shall meet our friends at last.
6. We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the angel,
Till he come to bear us o'er.

NO. 187. WHITHER, PILGRIMS, ARE YOU GOING.

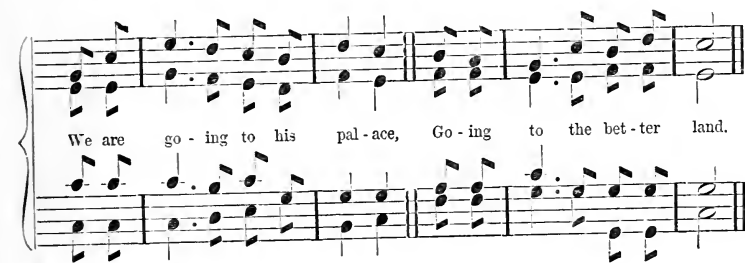
Whi-ther, pil-grims, are you go-ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand?
 We are go-ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our king's com-mand.



O - ver hills, and plains, and val - leys, We are go - ing to his pal - ace,



We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land;



We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.

1. Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our king's command.
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.

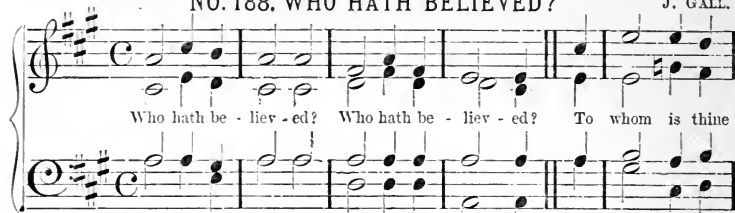
2. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?
No, for friends, unseen, are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.
Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
He will guard and he will guide us,
Guide us to that better land.

3. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

4. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

NO. 188. WHO HATH BELIEVED?

J. GALL.



Who hath be - liev - ed? Who hath be - liev - ed? To whom is thine



arm, Lord, re - veal'd? The Mes - si - ah came to earth, But so low - ly was his birth,



That his ma - jes - ty from man was con - ceal'd. Bless - ed Je - sus! kind



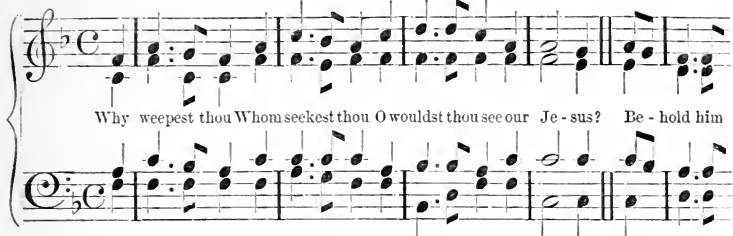
Je - sus! the meek, low - ly Je - sus! We bless him for all he has done.

1. Who hath believed? Who hath believed?
To whom is thine arm, Lord, revealed?
The Messiah came to earth,
But so lowly was his birth,
That his majesty from man was conceal'd.
Blessed Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
We bless him for all he has done.

2. He was afflicted—He was afflicted;
On him lay the sins of us all:
As a lamb to slaughter led,
So the lowly Saviour bled,
To redeem us from the curse of the fall.
Blessed Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
We bless him for all he has done.

3. He has ascended—He has ascended,
And now sits enthroned in the sky;
But he'll come again to bear
All his lowly people there,
And they'll reign as kings with Jesus on high.
Blessed Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
They'll reign as kings with Jesus on high.

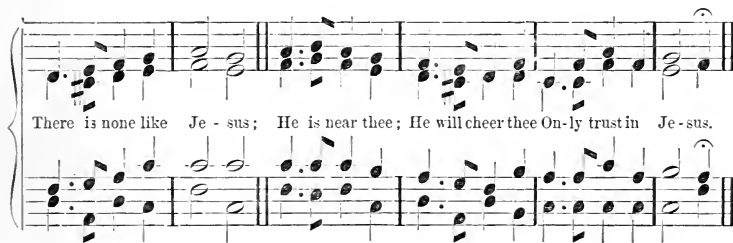
NO. 189. WHY WEEPEST THOU?



Why weepst thou Whom seekest thou O wouldst thou see our Je - sus? Be - hold him



near, He marks each tear, Our bless-ed lov-ing Je - sus. O, be-lieve him; O, re-ceive him



There is none like Je - sus; He is near thee; He will cheer thee On-ly trust in Je - sus.

1. Why weepst thou?
Whom seekest thou?
Oh, wouldst thou see our Jesus?
Behold him near,
He marks each tear,
Our blessed, loving Jesus.
O, believe him;
O, receive him—
There is none like Jesus;
He is near thee;
He will cheer thee—
Only trust in Jesus.

2. Why weepst thou,
And seekest thou,
With doubting and repining?
O, lift thine eye!
Thou shalt descry
His presence, near thee, shining.
O, believe, &c.

3. Believe him now;
Receive him now;
Look up, with faith and meekness,
To Jesus' blood,
Which freely flowed
For all thy sin and weakness.
O, believe, &c.

4. Believest thou?
Cease weeping now—
Thy soul he will deliver;
The cross he bore;
Our sins he wore,
And nailed them there for ever.
O, believe, &c.

NO. 190. WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS?

Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand?

Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing, Who are all this glo - rious band

Hal - le - lu - jah! hark they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n - ly king.

1. Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing.
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly king.
2. Who are these in dazzling brightness;
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Yet their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand.
Whence comes all this glorious band?
3. These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
4. These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
They, their painful conflict o'er,
Joy in Jesus evermore.

NO. 191. WE HAVE NO HOME BUT HEAVEN.

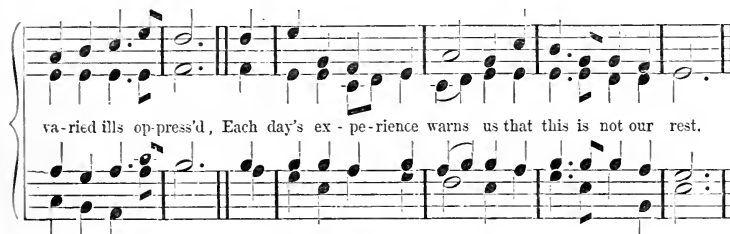
Music by
Dr. H. T. LESLIE.



We have no home but hea-ven; a pil-grim's garb we wear, Our path is mark'd by



chan-ges, and strew'd with many a care: Sur-round-ed with temp - ta - tion, by



va-ried ills op-press'd, Each day's ex - pe-ri-ence warns us that this is not our rest.

1. We have no home but heaven; a pilgrim's garb we wear,
Our path is mark'd by changes, and strew'd with many a care:
Surrounded with temptation, by varied ills oppress'd;
Each day's experience warns us that this is not our rest.
2. We have no home but heaven; then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation, or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season that we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for the comforts of a home.
3. We have no home but heaven; we need no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father, our footsteps thither guide.
Unfold to us its glory; prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like employ.
4. We have a home in heaven; how cheering is the thought,
How bright the expectations which God's own word has taught:
With eager hearts we hasten, the promised bliss to share;
We have no home but heaven; oh would that we were there!

NO. 192. DOXOLOGY.

Bless-ed! bless-ed be Je - ho - vah, Is - rael's God, To all e - ter - ni - ty!

Let all the peo - ple say A - men! A - men Praise to the Lord give ye.

NO. 193. SANCTUS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and earth are

full of thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most high.

NO. 194. DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

NO. 195. DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore;

Be glory as it was and is, And shall be ever - er - more.

NO. 196. HALLELUJAH.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hear the prais-es Ho-ly God we raise to thee; Vis-it us with

thy sal-va-tion, May we all thy glo-ry see. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

lu-jah, A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

NO. 197. DISMISSION.

Lord, dis-miss us, with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,

NO. 197—Continued.

Let us all thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace,

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - ling through this wil - der - ness.

NO. 198. DISMISSION.

Now, Sa - viour, bless us from on high; In - fuse thy love and fear;

And let our lives ex - em - pli - fy The pre - cious truths we hear.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Now, Saviour, bless us from on high;
 Infuse thy love and fear;
 And let our lives exemplify
 The precious truths we hear.</p> | <p>2. And as successively we quit
 This earthly dying frame,
 May others here before thee meet,
 To bless thy sacred name!</p> |
|--|--|

NO. 199. DISMISSION.

May the great truths we here have heard, The lessons of thy holy word,
Dwell in our in-most bosoms deep, And all our souls from er-rors keep.

1. May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word,
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from errors keep.
2. O may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay;
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

NO. 200. DISMISSION.

O may we stand be-fore the Lamb, When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pro-nounce our name, With bless-ings on our head.





